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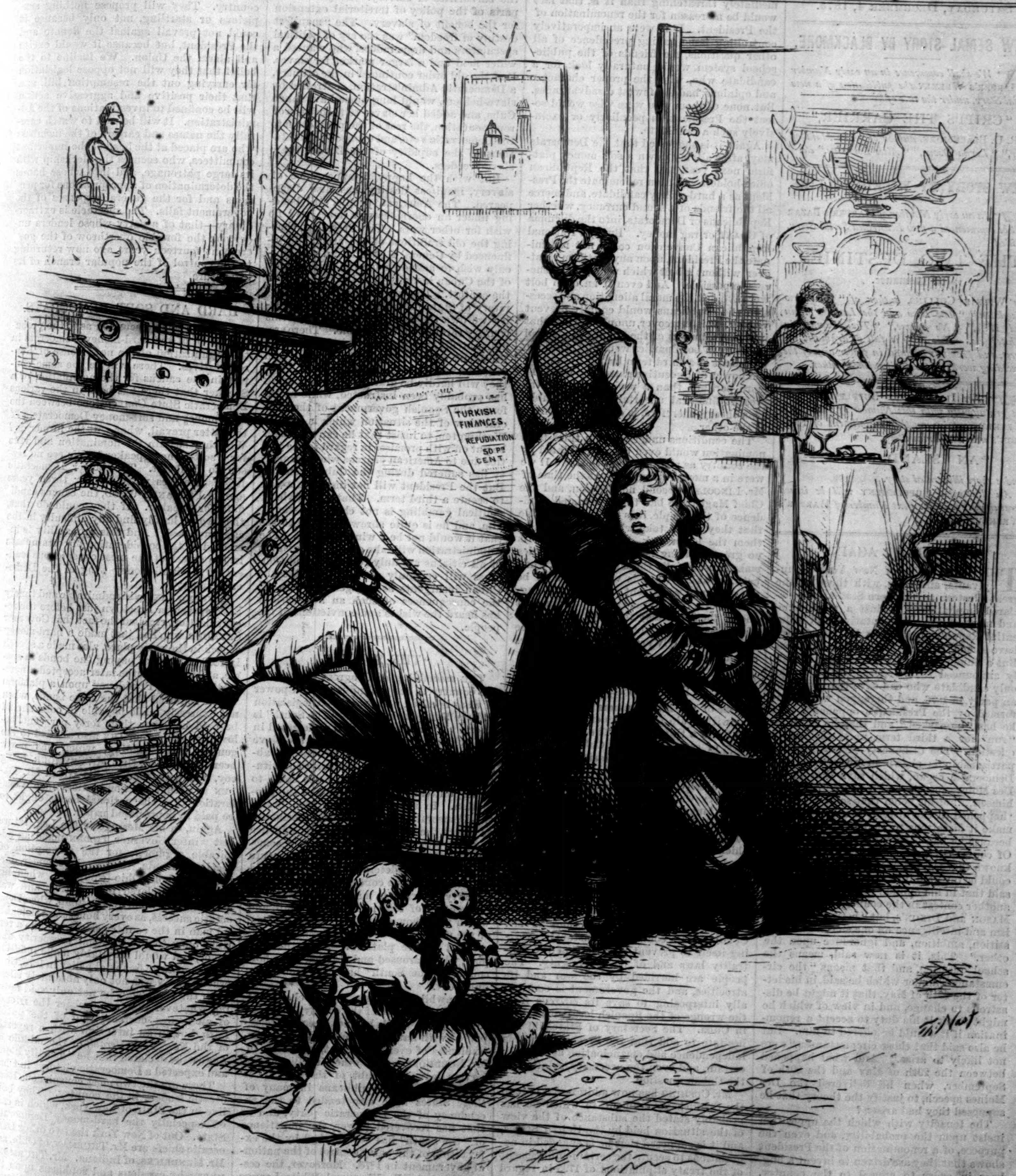
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 4, 1875.

NEW SERIAL STORY BY BLACKMORE.

☞ *We shall commence in an early Number of* Harper's Weekly *the publication of a new Serial Story, under the title of*

"CRIPPS THE CARRIER,"

by R. D. Blackmore, *author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.*

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

☞ *In an early Number of* Harper's Bazar *will be commenced a new Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

THE TWO DESTINIES:

A Romance.

By Wilkie Collins, *author of "The New Magdalen," "The Law and the Lady," "Man and Wife," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc. This story is full of dramatic interest, and promises to equal in power any of the preceding works of the distinguished author.*

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* Farjeon's *new Christmas Story,*

"AN ISLAND PEARL,"

and a short illustrated story.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE GHOST AGAIN.

THE Republicans of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, with those of the great Western and Eastern States, have declared emphatically against a third term, and most of the representative and influential Republican journals in the country have made equally positive declarations. But a Sunday paper in Washington recently announced that General Grant is the only candidate who can save the Republican party in 1876, and thereupon we are informed by the President's opponents that he has "unmasked," and that he is to be "run" for a third term upon the school question. The dishonesty of this kind of partisanship is shown in an article in a Democratic organ, which says that in his Des Moines speech the President "delivered himself......of his belief that something had 'happened in the history of the country to make it disastrous to change an Executive because he had been eight years in office.'" Of course every one who read that speech knows that the President said nothing that could be tortured into such a statement. He said that in his opinion the dividing line of another contest in the country would not be Mason and Dixon's, but "between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance upon the other." This, it is now said, means the school question, and that means "the circumstances" under which he said, in his letter of the 29th of May, that it might be disastrous to change, and in view of which he might think it his duty to accept a renomination if it should be offered to him. But he also said that those circumstances "were not likely to arise." And what happened between the 29th of May and the 29th of September, when he delivered the Des Moines speech, to justify the theory that he supposed they had arisen?

The tenacity with which the opposition insist upon the probability, and even the purpose, of a renomination of the President shows that they are driven to invent a bugbear in order to appeal to the country. They can not say that the Republicans as a party are the friends of rag money. They can not say, while the Secretary of the Treasury is dispersing the Republican Whisky Ring, sending its chiefs to prison, and recovering its stolen money to the Treasury, that there is no hope of administrative reform from Republicans. They can not assert, in view of the defeat of the Force Bill and the general demand of Republican State Conventions for a generous policy in the Southern States, that the Republicans insist upon sectional misrule and injustice. And they are compelled, therefore, to assert in desperation that there is a deep and dark plot upon the part of the Republicans in all the great States to eat their words, to declare that the Pope is coming, and that nobody can resist him but General Grant. This paper has probably done as much as any other to arouse the country to a clear perception of the ecclesiastical assault upon the public-school system. There is no doubt of that attack, nor will there be any wavering in our exposure of it and opposition to it. But if it were a hundredfold more immediately threatening than it is, that fact would be no reason for the renomination of the President. If it were an imperatively controlling issue, taking precedence of all other questions, the friends of the public-school system would naturally look for a candidate who, with the proper character and opinions, had the fewest disadvantages. But none of them who were wise would select the President as peculiarly or exclusively such a candidate.

Again, it is suggested that the Democrats may, after all, lay down a soft-money platform next year, and that the Republican office-holders will then renominate the President as a hard-money candidate, and coerce all the friends of a sound currency, whether Republicans or Democrats, into the dilemma of Grant or rag money. But the National Republican Convention could not renominate the President, upon any platform whatever, without a bolt which would make success impossible. And even if an open bolt were avoided, the moral alienation and secession of Republicans would equally prevent victory. It is, moreover, unquestionable that immense numbers of the friends of a sound currency in both parties would feel that the precedent of a third term brought about by the power of Executive patronage would be more perilous than a prolongation of the present financial uncertainty and trouble. This theory, therefore, is quite as visionary as the other.

The conditions under which a third-term nomination would even be contemplated by the country as possible do not exist. If we were in a mortal struggle, as at the time of Mr. Lincoln's second nomination, and the Chief Magistrate had the unbounded confidence of the people, it is easily conceivable that they would take what would seem to them the lesser risk. But when there is no great dividing issue, when both parties make substantially the same promises, when both, speaking what is well known to be the universal sentiment, condemn the suggestion of a third term, the proposition that one of them is likely to adopt as a means of success a course which it knows would be fatal is amusingly preposterous. It argues an untimely return of the silly season.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

One of the latest rumors was that of a war with Spain for the benefit of the President and a third term. The bone of difficulty, of course, is to be Cuba. Nothing, indeed, has changed in the situation. The insurrection still smoulders. Spain, apparently dissolving in disorder, carries on a desultory war with Don Carlos at home, and a languid guerrilla warfare upon the ever-faithful isle. The insurgents have no ports, no stable government, nothing to which we could turn for satisfaction for any injury done to American citizens; and if they were acknowledged as belligerents, Spain would at once have the right of stopping our merchant ships upon the high seas. On the other hand, as Mr. Fish well said in his letter of instructions to Mr. Cushing, this country is constantly exerting itself to prevent violations of the neutrality laws and of its sovereignty. The people are horrified by the war and its atrocities, and the government is continually interposing to save its citizens from the wrongs of the Spanish local authorities in Cuba. The Secretary of State did not hesitate to add that the President regards independence and emancipation as the only certain, and even the necessary, solution of the Cuban question.

Mr. Cushing has now addressed a note to the Spanish government, in which he has probably stated the substance of the view of the situation held by the United States, and it is supposed that he is engaged in negotiations to secure the certain enforcement of the treaty stipulations of 1795 in regard to our citizens, which have been often disregarded. The excitement consequent upon his note is due to the assumed natural indignation of Spain with the declaration that the obvious end of the Cuban difficulty is independence and emancipation. That declaration, it is supposed, must seem to her an insult, and prompted by the wishes, if not the purposes, of the United States. But Spain is not in a situation to declare war because of our expression of an opinion; and our government would not be sustained by the people in declaring war to free Cuba with a view to annexation. There is a great deal of misapprehension as to the warlike tendencies of this country, and the necessary popularity of wars. There has, indeed, within the last thirty or forty years been a great deal of shouting for manifest destiny, and there was most resounding bluster thirty years ago about fifty-four forty and fighting, and there was some excitement upon the Southwestern frontier about filibustering enterprises in Central America and in Cuba, and the Mexican war had a certain popularity. But all these things belong to the barbarities of slavery. They were all parts of the policy of territorial extension for the benefit of slavery. The "manifest destiny of freedom" was the cry of political speculators and desperadoes, who wanted a wider field and a larger market for slaves. Had the old order continued in the country, a Democratic Administration, controlled by slave-holders, would long since have taken Cuba, and added her slaves to their basis of representation, the rest of the population to the Democratic vote, and opened the plantations to the cupidity of the Border State slave-breeders.

But with the happy disappearance of slavery, manifest destiny has also disappeared. The American people, still bending under an enormous war debt, have no wish for other wars. The President, sharing the old traditions of the army, and influenced by General Rawlins, did undoubtedly wish to acknowledge the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents in the first year of the contest. The wiser counsels of the Secretary of State prevailed, and to his sagacity we owe the admirable position of this country throughout the trouble. There are, undoubtedly, voluntary counselors of the President who would gladly instigate him to send a warlike message to Congress. But they will hardly be gratified. Mr. Cushing has probably been instructed, while he informs the Spanish government of the general view of the situation which is held at Washington, to insist that he can no longer be put off with promises in regard to the justice due to American citizens whose property has suffered during the Cuban conflict. But the President will not instigate a war to secure a third term. That wild style of political gambling is not characteristic of him, and he is quite shrewd enough to see that it would not be a winning game. The Administration will take care that the rights of all citizens are duly respected, and Congress will certainly not acknowledge the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, with all the consequences of such an act, until it has heard the wishes and convictions of the people.

"THE SOUTH."

The assembling of Congress will enable the country to see the influence and power of what is called "the South" in legislation and the Democratic party. "The South" is a term very familiar and well understood in our politics. It formerly meant the slave power. It now means, only a little less absolutely, the body which formerly constituted that power. It has not yet come to mean politically the whole mass of the population. In most of the Southern States the Democratic party is in the ascendant, as before the war, and under that influence the *ante bellum* feeling is necessarily somewhat stimulated. Yet after the premature display of the determination of the old "South" to resume control of the Democratic party, which was made at the National Convention of 1868 in Tammany Hall, and which was shown in the speeches of some of the most noted of the old Southern leaders and in the platform—since this display, which aroused and startled the whole country, "the South" has been politically quiescent.

Meanwhile, of course, a real change of feeling in that part of the country has been taking place. This has not been unaccompanied with hatred and malice and uncharitableness of every kind, but the letters of Mr. Nordhoff and of other intelligent observers leave no doubt of the fact. The mistakes of the Republicans in many of those States have also tended to the ascendency of the Democratic party, and as that has recovered power, the impatience of "the South" has been curbed by the expectation of the party control of the national government in 1876. Moreover, the cessation of the Ku-Klux and White League outbreaks, and the Warsaw quiet that reigns in the States which the Democratic party controls, have disposed the country to a kindly conviction that by-gones must be by-gones, and that the year of the Centennial must be also a year of fraternal reconciliation. And it is in this spirit and under these circumstances that a Democratic House meets for the first time since the war, and with an immense proportion of its party members from "the South."

The influence of this old element will, therefore, be paramount, and it is significant that in the present House, as in the last that the Democrats controlled, "the South" is the leader. The policy of the House, therefore, will be, as is customary with the Democratic party, dictated by its old master. The party has had no policy since the great slave lords left Congress and began the rebellion, and it will now wait to receive its policy from their heirs. The conduct of the party will be mainly influenced by the impending election. The leaders will not abandon the friendly and conciliatory position, for they have learned the real temper of the country. They will propose nothing suspicious or startling, not only because it could not prevail against the Senate and the President, but because it would excite and alarm the Union. We incline to the belief that they will not oppose legislation for carrying out the resumption bill, and that their positive and aggressive action will be confined to investigations of the Administration. It will be well to watch carefully the names and careers of the members who are placed at the head of the important committees, who secures the clerkship with its large patronage, and into whose hands the determination of appropriations for pensions and for the general expenses of the government falls. The spectacle is extraordinary—that of a party whose leaders undertook the forcible overthrow of the government fourteen years ago now returning to the control of the popular branch of its legislature.

HARD AND SOFT DEMOCRATS.

There is some discussion as to the probable action of the hard-money Democrats in the organization of the new House of Representatives. There will be the same contest in the caucus for the nomination of a Speaker that there has been in the various Democratic State Conventions between the hard-money and soft-money Democrats. If the latter prevail, what will the former do? Will they sustain the nomination and vote for a soft-money Speaker? We see no reason to doubt it. The better Democratic Representatives voted two or three years ago for Fernando Wood, the caucus candidate for Speaker. If they could do that, they would hardly find any difficulty in the case supposed. And this probability is increased by the consideration of certain facts in the career of the most conspicuous leaders of the hard-money wing of the Democratic party.

Governor Dix, in his admirable and timely little speech in Brooklyn just before the recent election, recalled the fact that Governor Seymour, who had just made a hard-money speech in the same place, also made a speech in 1868 in favor of paying the bonds in specie, and a few months later accepted a nomination to the Presidency upon a platform which required that the same bonds, when not expressly made payable in coin, should be paid in paper, then forty per cent. below par. Governor Dix also alluded to the general understanding, which has never been questioned, that Mr. Seymour, being coy, was persuaded by his friend Mr. Tilden to accept the nomination, upon a declaration that the national bonds ought to be paid in depreciated paper.

Again, in his Message to the Legislature last winter Governor Tilden made an admirable argument for the resumption of specie payments. But in the summer, during the whole Ohio campaign, when his party had declared for inflation, and was advocating it upon every stump, when Democratic success, as every honest and thoughtful man in the country saw, would be a terrible blow to the national prosperity and honor, and would inevitably make inflation the Democratic financial policy in 1876, Governor Tilden was not only absolutely silent upon the right side, he not only said nothing whatever that could cheer the friends of an honest currency and of the public faith, but in an interview with a reporter of the New York *Herald*, in the middle of August, he declared that he "heartily hoped and expected a Democratic victory" in Ohio.

These are the two most conspicuous Democratic leaders in the country. They both live in the State of New York, which is called especially the hard-money Democratic State. Out of New York the two other Democratic chiefs are Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, and Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana. Mr. Thurman's unworthy evasions and sophisms upon the financial question during the campaign in his State showed how readily even so sturdy a hard-money Democrat could yield to the demand of his party, while Mr. HENDRICKS's ludicrous anxiety to guess which way the wind was going to blow removes him peremptorily from the class of hard-money Democrats. Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware, is another prominent Democrat. He was recently reported to have said that if "the party lets the currency question alone, if it makes the issue of constitutionalism against centralism, it will triumph over any candidate the Republicans may put up." But Mr. BAYARD, in an open letter to the Atlanta *Herald*, frankly states the simple elementary truths of the subject, and pronounces for measures which "will make resumption an early possibility."

If to this position of the Democratic chiefs who are known distinctively as leaders of the hard-money wing of their party we add the fact of the evident immense strength of the soft-money sentiment, as shown in the great Democratic vote of Ohio and Pennsylvania, it would seem to be tolerably clear that the party would be substantially a unit even if—which is not probable—a soft-money national platform should be adopted next year. Mr. BAYARD might protest, as he protested at Baltimore against the nomination of Mr. GREELEY; but after his protest he would probably support the soft-money candidate, as he supported Mr. GREELEY, and for the same reason that Mr. THURMAN supported Mr. ALLEN in Ohio—the necessity of party success. Mr. SEYMOUR, Mr. THURMAN, and Mr. HENDRICKS have already shown the flexible and accommodating quality of their views upon the subject; while Governor TILDEN, who heartily hoped and expected a Democratic victory in Ohio upon a platform of pure inflation, would probably not be incapable of hoping and working for the success of his party upon the same platform in the whole country. It may therefore fairly be assumed that if the Democratic caucus should nominate a rag-money candidate for Speaker, the great body of Democratic members would support him.

It is difficult to see why the success of a party of this kind should be supposed to be the sole hope of a sound currency in the country because JACKSON and BENTON were hard-money men. It is, indeed, true, on the other hand, that the Republican Senator SHERMAN is of an uncertain voice upon the subject, that Mr. MORTON is doubtful, and that Messrs. LOGAN, KELLEY, and BUTLER, who are Republicans, are the advocates of the most pernicious financial doctrines. But Messrs. CONKLING and BLAINE certainly speak plainly enough, and the voice of the Republicans of New York and New England, with the Republican campaign and vote in Ohio, shows that the general sentiment of Republicans is much sounder upon the subject than that of Democrats. If there were no other question before the country, "the best half" of both parties would rapidly unite in a single undoubted hard-money party. But the fact that the old organizations remain, with these curious inconsistencies upon a fundamental issue, shows the deep and general conviction that it is not the only one; and in deciding how to vote next year, hard-money men must consider probabilities.

THE PARTIES AND THE SCHOOLS.

THE Buffalo *Courier*, which is the leading Democratic paper in the western part of the State, says of the school system and the Democratic party:

> "That party recognizes the common-school system as imbedded in the Constitution of the State; it will defend it and the sanctity of the fund for its support against all assailants, be they Catholic fanatics or Know-nothing bigots. As a political organization it knows neither Church nor sect. It asserts the absolute equality of all religious beliefs before the law, and extends favor to none. Maintaining thus the very principles on which our Union is founded and liberty rests, the Democracy can have no part in any sectarian crusade whatsoever. If any issue is to be made against the free non-sectarian school system, the attack must come from outside of the Democratic party, and by that same party will first be resisted."

In another article it says:

> "It may be true, as *Harper's Weekly* states, that Catholic partisans opened the discussion; but it is not true that they ever received aid or comfort from any one authorized to speak for that large body of earnest and determined men who, maintaining the principles of the Democratic party, hold that politics and religion should be kept religiously separate and distinct, that no sect should do any proselytizing in the common schools, and that said schools shall be sustained without fear or favor as part and parcel of our governmental system. The schools are not for Catholics, or Protestants, or Israelites, or Mohammedans—they are for the whole people, and they will be maintained by an overwhelming majority of the people against all assailants."

There is no doubt whatever that there is an attack upon the public-school system; nor that it proceeds from the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church; nor that it is resolute, persistent, and defined. There is no doubt that in New York the Democratic party without the Catholic vote would be a lean minority, and that wherever that party has been in an unquestioned ascendency, whether in the Legislature or in the city government, it has favored sectarian Catholic institutions. There is no doubt that in Ohio the Catholic journals declare that nine-tenths of the Catholic voters affiliate with the Democratic party "on account of past services that they will never forget," nor that the leading Catholic paper threatened the party with the resentment of Catholic voters if the Democratic Legislature did not pass a particular bill, which it subsequently did pass. There is no doubt that in Connecticut a proposed amendment to the State Constitution, prohibiting grants of public money to sectarian institutions, was defeated in the Democratic Legislature in obedience to a priestly notification to the Democratic managers that it must not be adopted. There is no doubt that the Catholic interest always counts upon Democratic support for the accomplishment of its sectarian purposes, and not upon Republican, and that there is some reason for the preference. Nor is there any doubt that the Republican party both in New York and Ohio, recognizing the conceded fact, familiar to every citizen of those States, that there is this organized sectarian hostility against the public-school system, has declared unreservedly and inflexibly for its maintenance; while in Ohio the Democrats, although forced by the Republican declaration substantially to repeat it, denounced the Republican action as "a base appeal to sectarian prejudices;" and in New York the Democrats were absolutely silent, and decried the Republican resolution as a malignant stirring up of religious hatred.

If the Democrats agree with the Buffalo *Courier*, they can silence all appeal to sectarian hatred by an unqualified declaration in every convention that the attack upon the school system, which they do not deny to have begun, shall receive no countenance whatever from them. Let them denounce it as lustily as they denounce the corruption and usurpation and tyranny of Republican administration, and they will have shown the enemies of the schools that they can hope nothing from Democratic declarations. Then let the Democrats in every Legislature vote regularly and solidly against every proposition of sectarian advantage to the Roman Church, and they will have shown the Catholic hierarchy that it has nothing to hope from Democratic action. But so long as in the face of an acknowledged assault upon the schools the Democrats are silent, and vote under Catholic menace and dictation, and do the political work of the hierarchy, and when the facts are published to the world solemnly deplore and deprecate the mischiefs of religious agitation, public opinion will hardly agree with the *Courier* that the attack upon the free non-sectarian school system "will first be resisted" by the Democratic party. The attack *is* made, and the Democratic press and orators, instead of resisting, bewail the stirring up of religious hatred. Formerly, when the slave power was insidiously and resistlessly intrenching itself in the government, and its deadly plans and crimes were exposed by Republicans, the same Democratic press and orators deprecated inflaming sectional hatred. If the Democratic party will join the Republican in condemning the assault upon the schools, and vote steadily against all kinds of subsidies and favors to the sectarian Catholic interest, there will be no religious agitation whatever. But until it does that, and so long as its action is suspicious, the sectarian designs against the school system will be clearly and constantly exposed.

A CHANCE FOR TWEED'S TRIAL.

THE Court of Appeals has dismissed the last applications of TWEED's counsel to obstruct the course of justice. The court holds that the offender may be held to trial under the present action; that the first action was properly discontinued; that the order to hold to bail is not reviewable; that the determination of the amount of bail is discretionary with the lower court; and that the constitutionality of the act under which the proceedings have been taken is a question to be decided upon the trial of the action. The court also denied the order for a bill of particulars, holding that the decision of the General Term was final. All good citizens will rejoice that the court has in this instance failed to sustain the efforts of the TWEED counsel to postpone the trial, and that there is now a chance for the unimpeded course of justice. We must expect, however, that the trial itself will be obstructed at every step, and that whatever the decision may be, it will still be carried up to the Court of Appeals. But it would be a remarkable commentary upon the efficiency of our legislation if it should at last appear that there is no method by which the Treasury can recover the enormous sums of money conceded to have been stolen.

The conduct of the TWEED counsel in this memorable case was undoubtedly in the mind of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS when he said, last summer, in his discourse at Amherst College:

> "Another topic intimately connected with the labors of this class of the community appears to me to be especially deserving of consideration in laying the foundations of a career. I refer to the limits within which professional men, ambitious of the highest reputation in their sphere, may consider themselves justified in exerting great power in the defense of vice, or in the protection of persons whom they have the strongest reason to suspect deeply tainted with crime. I will frankly confess, for my own part, that the ordinary arguments presented in the books in favor of a large liberty in this direction, upon which eminent and honorable men have often rested their justification when embarked in such undertakings, never appeared to me conclusive. Lying, as these questions do, at the very foundation of morals, I can not imagine a stronger call upon the directors of education for special attention to them in their preliminary studies. For the neglect in cultivating at an early age the power of nice discrimination between right and wrong, more educated men have dishonored themselves in life than for any other cause."

THE BUFFALO "COURIER" AND MR. JOHN KELLY.

THE Buffalo *Courier*, alluding to our quotation of the statement of Mr. JOHN KELLY that Mr. JOSEPH WARREN, the editor of that paper, was one of the Canal Ring, and that the *Courier* was under its influence, says:

> "Now that the election is over, it is proper to say that there is not and never was a shadow of truth in these charges of Mr. KELLY. Since they were made he has learned the folly of assuming, with an air of superior virtue, to defame men whose personal and political record is as clear as his own."

We do not understand this denial, which is conclusive so far as Mr. WARREN is concerned, to cover the other charges of Mr. KELLY, that Chief Justice CHURCH and Judge ALLEN were the candidates of the Canal Ring for the Governorship last year as against Mr. TILDEN.

PERSONAL.

LORD HOUGHTON's reception by the Union League Club on Tuesday, November 23, recalls a pleasant anecdote of his father. In 1809 Lord PALMERSTON, then twenty-five years of age, and just appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, was dining with Mr. PERCEVAL (who had become Prime Minister), in company with Mr. MILNES and Mr. LOWTHER. Mr. PERCEVAL was very anxious that Mr. MILNES should become a member of his government, and offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, remarking to Lord PALMERSTON that he had "hopes that we should be able to fix this *honest little fellow* firmly in his seat, as it is a struggle of principle on the one hand against trimming and political intrigue on the other." Mr. MILNES finally declined. Two years previously Lord PALMERSTON wrote of him: "ROBERT MILNES, better known as Orator MILNES, made a splendid speech" on the Danish expedition. Lord PALMERSTON's first speech was on the same subject. The MILNES family were considerable land-owners in Derby in the time of Queen ELIZABETH, but the present representative of the family and his father are the only ones who have made any conspicuous figure in the political or literary history of England.

—The beautiful and pathetic poem entitled "The Lost Babies," which we are pleased to see is now going the rounds of our exchanges, originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, for which it was written by Miss MARY E. VANDYNE, a talented young lady of Brooklyn, whose poetical contributions to our columns have frequently attracted the attention of those quick-eyed judges of merit and popularity, the "exchange" editors.

—The HARPERS will shortly publish, from advance sheets, a new book by Mr. SAMUEL SMILES. It is entitled *Thrift*, and is intended as a sequel to *Self-Help* and *Character*. The estimation in which Mr. SMILES is held in London is shown by the sale of over 10,000 copies of his new book on the day of its publication in London. It will be sure of a hearty welcome among American readers.

—The numerous friends of General HUSTED will be glad to learn that he has quite recovered from the injuries recently received by being thrown from his carriage. General HUSTED is one of the most popular public men in his district. At the recent election his constituents chose him to represent them in the Assembly for the eighth consecutive term. His long service in that body, his eminent executive capacity, and intimate knowledge of legislative affairs, are strong points in favor of his election to the Speakership—a position he has already filled with distinguished ability.

—The crayon portrait of the late Professor MORSE, exhibited at Vienna by Mr. KURTZ, has been purchased by the editorial staff of the *Neue Freie Presse* of that city. The same gentlemen have also purchased the picture of LAFAYETTE painted by Professor MORSE before he had turned his attention from art to the electric telegraph. They have also requested a gentleman of this city to send them portraits of HENRY J. RAYMOND, HORACE GREELEY, and JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Sen., to add to their gallery of the editorial celebrities of all nations.

—Judge JOEL PARKER left to Dartmouth College a legacy for a Law Department. It is in property not yet available, but is sufficiently valuable to provide a library, a building, and an endowment for a professorship. Judge PARKER's law library is left to his son, if he becomes a lawyer; otherwise it will also go to the college.

—A new American drama, written by Judge BARRETT, of the Supreme Court, and Mrs. BARRETT, is in the hands of Manager WALLACK, having previously received the commendation of Stage-Manager FLOYD. Judge BARRETT has aptitude in that direction, having in early years supported himself by his pen, and being an amateur actor of decided talent. Whether with the pen, on the boards, at the bar, or on the bench, Judge B. has proved himself alike clever and successful. In reply to certain interrogatories propounded to him by a *Sun* reporter, Judge B. very gallantly awards much of the finer material of the play to his wife, which shows him to be actuated by the same nice sense of justice off the bench as on.

—Hon. ELIJAH WARD, member of Congress from the Eighth New York District, has left to the competition of the scholars in the public schools of his district the cadetship for the vacancy in the West Point Military Academy which occurs in 1876. This mode of appointment has already been productive of the best results. When General SICKLES gave a cadetship to be competed for by scholars in the public schools of his district, it was won by GARRET J. LYDECKER, who stood number one during the whole four years, and graduated at the head of the class. He is now a captain of Engineers. When Hon. S. S. COX placed his West Point appointment open to the public-school boys of his district, it was won by HERMAN DOWD, who is now in his fourth year, and is one of the five star boys of the class.

—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD gets fair pay—$250 a night—for playing sixty nights at the TITIENS concerts. BÜLOW gets $1000 a night and expenses. He has had a pronounced difficulty with BERGMANN, orchestra leader, which has created quite a hullabulow among musicians, and a party has been formed to crush out the invader.

—Congress, which meets December 6, will be without many of those who for some years past have been conspicuous before the country. In the House, on the Democratic side, we shall miss JAMES B. BECK, of Kentucky, and CLARKSON N. POTTER, of New York (one of the ablest men who have served on the Judiciary Committee), S. S. MARSHALL, of Illinois, and Judge NIBLACK, of Indiana. Of the Republicans there will be absent General B. F. BUTLER, Judge HOAR, ROBERT S. HALE, General JOSEPH E. HAWLEY, HORACE MAYNARD, and WILSON of Indiana. It seems to be admitted that the Republican leadership will be in the hands of ex-Speaker BLAINE, who has the highest possible qualifications for the position.

—The London *Saturday Review* editor says that the sight of a travelers' book is equivalent to an essay of DE TOCQUEVILLE's upon the leveling influences of democracy. In the infinite variety of English hands you see every class of society represented. "The bold round hand of the bagman is varied with the delicate spider lines of the fine lady and the dashing scrawl of the sportsman; a judicious compromise between formality and self-assertion indicates the traveling statesman, and a hopelessly unintelligible confusion of scratches and blotches infallibly shows the professional author. American hands, on the contrary, all seem to have been turned out of one mould, and that the commercial. They would be irreproachable hands for a clerk wishing to conduct the correspondence of a respectable firm; but Englishmen are generally inclined to think that they are rather wanting in delicacy and personal character. We must admit, however, that the Americans have the best of the argument. The first and most essential quality of good handwriting is that it should be legible, as the first quality of style is that it should be lucid. In that respect there can be no doubt that Americans have the advantage of us, whether their excellence be owing to their system of education or to some more impalpable correlation between the national character and the organization of their fingers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Spanish minister at Washington, November 18, was officially advised from Madrid that his government had conceded that in future American citizens on trial before a court-martial in Cuba shall have the privilege of selecting counsel for defense. The treaty of 1795, in the opinion of the Spanish government, was not sufficiently definite to meet the cases of courts-martial in the event of war or insurrection in the island, but the present arrangement settles the question in accordance with the desire expressed in a friendly note addressed by Secretary Fish to the Spanish government, and disposes of exaggerated reports on this subject. The frequent changes in the Spanish government since the beginning of the rebellion have in part delayed the settlement of the question until the present time.

The number of immigrants who arrived at the port of New York during September of this year, as compared with the same month in the previous year, is as follows: September, 1875—males, 4949; females, 4400; total, 9349. September, 1874—males, 8796; females, 7584; total, 16,380—a decrease in 1875 of males, 3847; females, 3184; total, 7031.

The steamer *D. R. Martin*, of the Staten Island opposition line, was burned to the water's edge on her downward trip at 3 P.M. of November 18. The passengers and crew were landed in safety. The total loss is placed at $75,000.

The Poe monument at Baltimore, Maryland, was dedicated November 17, with imposing ceremonies.

The New York Court of Appeals, November 16, dismissed both the appeals of William M. Tweed—the one for a reduction of bail, and the other for a bill of particulars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE English sanitary authorities have declared a district of Bristol, with a population of about 6000, unfit for habitation till midsummer, owing to the recent floods. Thousands of acres in the valley of the Trent will probably remain under water throughout the winter.

A conspiracy to seize the arsenal and burn the town of Rangoon, Burmah, has been discovered by the authorities.

A Berlin dispatch to the London *Morning Post* says that over one hundred priests and nine canons of Rhineland have given notification of their submission to the ecclesiastical laws.

A battle was fought, November 12, at Piva, in Bosnia, between the Turks and the insurgents, in which the latter were completely routed, leaving 600 killed on the field. A dispatch from Berlin to the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says that negotiations are now progressing with the great powers relative to the Turkish difficulty, based on the understanding of the preservation of the *status quo* in regard to Turkey. The Sublime Porte has notified the foreign powers of the impending issue of a circular detailing the reforms it proposes, and stating the guarantees offered for their execution.

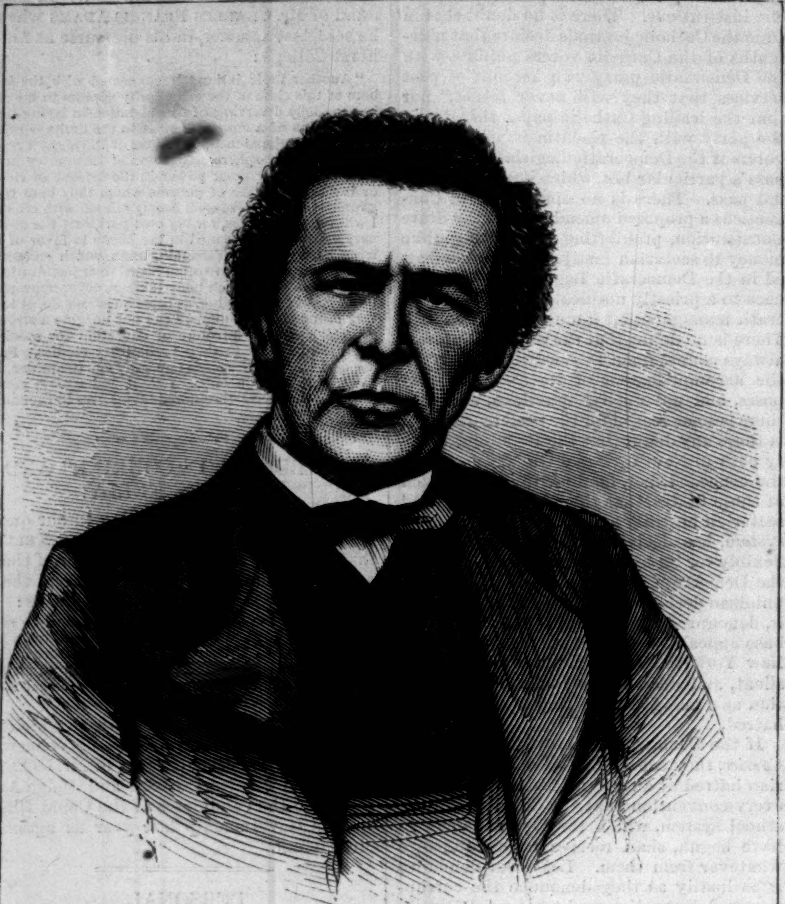
Don Carlos recently wrote to King Alfonso offering to join his forces with those of the royalists in the defense of Spain in case of a war with the United States. The king immediately ordered General Quesada to receive no further communications from the rebel leader unless it should be an announcement of the unconditional submission of himself and his partisans. The Carlist General Miret is negotiating with the authorities of Puycerda with a view of surrender.

The terms for the purchase by Italy of the upper Italian system of railway have been finally arranged for submission to Parliament. The amount involved is about £32,000,000 sterling.

THE BURIAL OF GUIBORD.

The peaceful burial of the remains of Joseph Guibord in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Montreal on November 16 was a gratifying triumph of law and order over ultramontane fanaticism and mob violence. Guibord died about six years ago. He was a French Canadian Roman Catholic of great piety, rigid fidelity to the doctrines of his Church, and of exemplary moral character. He was a printer by trade, and was for thirty-six years in the employment of the late Louis Perrault, of Montreal, and later in that of Louis Perrault & Sons. For many years he was, says the Montreal *Witness*, on intimate terms of friendship with Bishop Bourget and several high ecclesiastics. Mr. Perrault did all the printing for the bishop's palace, and for twenty years Guibord personally superintended the composition and printing of the bishop's pastoral letters and other work belonging to the foreign missions of the Church. He became thus personally acquainted with a large number of the clergy, by whom he was greatly admired for his patience and carefulness, his honor and uprightness in all his dealings. A high ecclesiastical dignitary of Montreal lately said, in conversation with a well-known French Canadian gentleman upon the present difficulty, that he regretted exceedingly that the censure of the Church should have fallen upon Guibord, for that, having known him upward of twenty years, he was the last man who deserved the misfortune. The same clerical authority stated that as far as honesty, public and private virtue, and integrity in the broadest sense of the term were concerned, Guibord was without reproach. He was a man of more than ordinary ability.

Two or three years after the foundation of the Canadian Institute, Guibord became a member of that society. When the Institute fell under the displeasure of the Bishop of Montreal for refusing to throw out of its library certain books that were placed in the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, Guibord was one of about two hundred members who persisted in maintaining their connection with the society, and who appealed to Rome against the arbitrary course of the bishop. These members were excommunicated *en masse.* The effort to free themselves from the control of the bishop was regarded as a deadly sin against the Roman Catholic Church. Guibord died suddenly on the 8th of November, 1869. Three or four weeks previously, when seriously ill, he sent for a priest, who came and heard his confession. The priest, acting under directions from the bishop, refused to administer to him extreme unction unless he would withdraw from the Institute, which he declined to do. He rallied from his sickness, but his death subsequently occurred so suddenly that he had not time to send for the priest. A few days before his death Guibord met one of his fellow-members of the Institute in the street, and asked him what was the news about their appeal to Rome. The answer was that no news had arrived, but the Institute hoped that justice would be done them. "I hope so too," said Guibord; "for I feel that I am going fast, and unless this matter is settled before I die, there will be a row about my grave. I am a poor man, and they will no doubt bury me along with those that have been hanged, if they can." "Have no fears about that," returned his fellow-member. "Your friends will see that you are no worse treated than a rich man."



JOSEPH GUIBORD.

The refusal of the bishop to allow Guibord's remains to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery, in which he owned a plot of ground, was the beginning of a bitter legal contest between the Institute and the bishop. The case was carried from court to court, at enormous cost, until it reached the Queen's Privy Council, the highest tribunal of the British Empire. There the bishop and the ultramontane party were signally defeated. By a decree of the Council the burial of the remains was ordered in consecrated ground, in Guibord's own lot in the Côte des Neiges Cemetery, where the body of his deceased widow had already been interred. The decree also directed that the defendants should pay to the Canadian Institute the costs of the proceedings in the lower courts, with one or two exceptions, as well as the costs of the appeal to the Privy Council, the latter alone amounting to more than $5000.

The promulgation of this decree created the wildest excitement among the ignorant lower class of French Canadians. Disturbances of the peace were threatened. The Protestant cemetery, where Guibord's body was lying in a vault, was guarded by armed bodies of men, to prevent the vault from being violated by the fanatical mob. On the 2d of September an attempt was made to carry the decree of the Privy Council into effect. Guibord's body was taken from the vault, and, followed by a large procession, carried to the Catholic cemetery, about a mile and a half distant. M. Doutré, a lawyer of distinction, and president of the Institute, headed the procession. The grave had been prepared, exposing the coffin of Madame Guibord, as it is the custom of the Canadian French to bury husband and wife in the same grave. When the procession reached the Catholic cemetery they found the gates barred and bolted, while hundreds of French Canadians stood behind the bars, hooting and jeering at the company, uttering blasphemous maledictions upon Guibord's memory, as well as on the society to which he had belonged. Stones were also thrown, and many in the funeral train were severely injured. The procession, inasmuch as the gates could not be opened, took the body back to the Protestant cemetery. The mob followed in the rear, hooting and throwing stones. This disgraceful riot was afterward characterized by the Bishop of Montreal as "a public but peaceable demonstration to prevent the profanation of a sacred spot." He was quite gratified by the occurrence, which was, to quote his language, "spontaneous, and inspired by the deepest emotions;" but he was good enough to say that he would have "exceedingly regretted" bloodshed.

An appeal was made to the civil authorities for protection in carrying out the decree, and this, after much delay, was granted. Meanwhile Bishop Bourget, convinced that he was playing a losing game, determined to make the best of it by laying a solemn curse upon the ground where the remains of Guibord should be laid. Accordingly, on Sunday, September 12, the curse was pronounced in a pastoral letter from the bishop's pulpit in the Church de l'Évêché. The document was read by Vicar-General Mo-

THE CEMETERY WHERE JOSEPH GUIBORD WAS BURIED.—[From a Sketch by J. W. Gray.]

BEAU. After reciting the circumstances of the case, the letter continues:

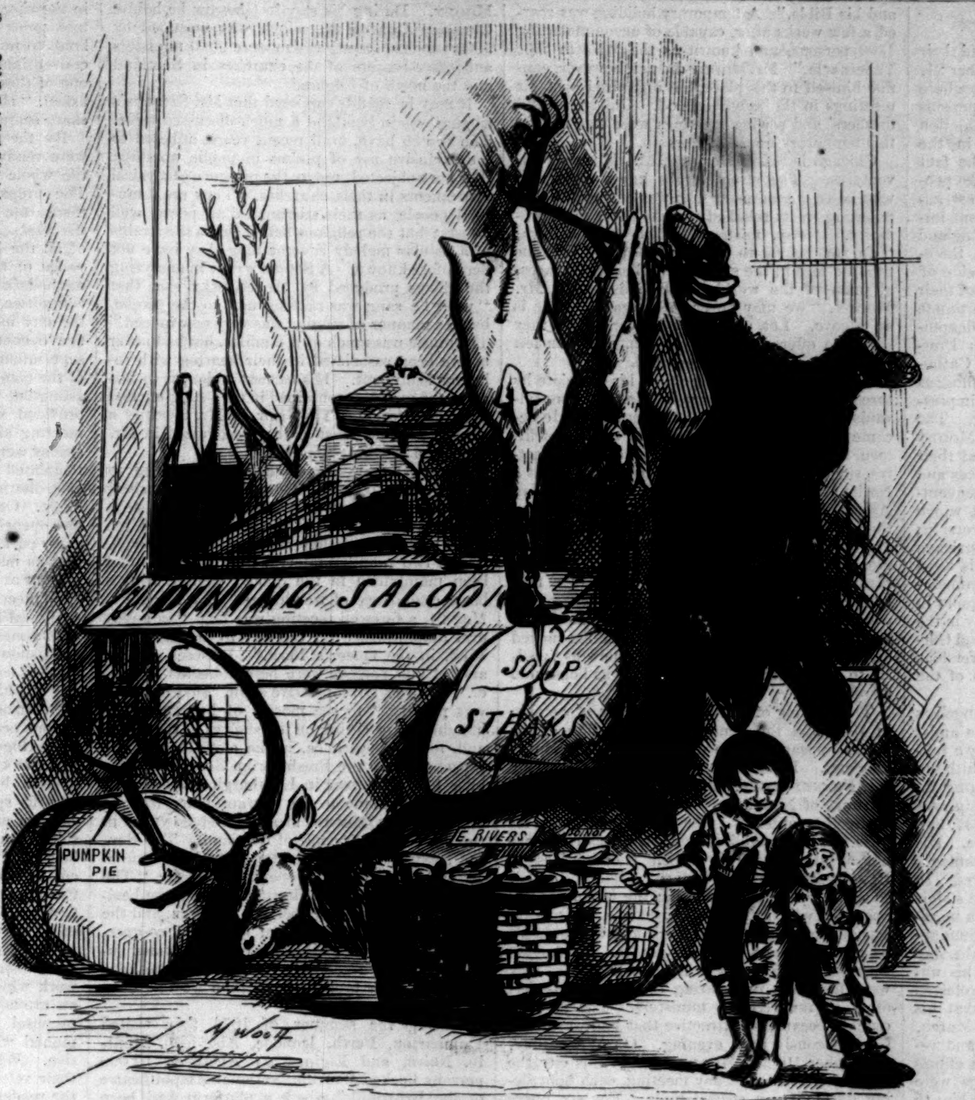
"But if, however, we have managed to prevent a breach of the public peace, yet at the same time we have taken every means to uphold the honor of our holy Church and to prevent the profanation of our consecrated ground, the means being to declare that, by virtue of the Divine power we had in the name of the Lord of Lords, the place where the body of this rebellious child of the Church should be buried should be entirely cut off from the consecrated cemetery, and should be for the future accursed. There is no necessity to inform you that, under the solemn act of our consecration to God, full power has been given to us to bind and to unbind, to bless and to curse, to consecrate persons, places, and churches, and to interdict them; to separate from the body of the Church the limbs which disturb and outrage it; to deliver to Satan those who by their own acts sever themselves from the Church, so that they shall be considered from henceforth as heathens and publicans, so that they shall not return to God without a sincere repentance. It is by virtue of this Divine authority, etc., and to prevent future troubles, that we declare by these presents, even though any one shall pretend ignorance of it, that the spot in the cemetery where the body of the late GUIBORD shall be buried, even though in the future it be exhumed in any manner whatever, will be in fact and in manner (*ipso facto*) interdicted and separated from the rest of the cemetery. Such is the declaration we have to make to you. Therefore you need have no fear that in the present case your cemetery can lose its sacredness, or that the holy rites it has upon its sanctified and blessed places can be sacrificed or trodden under foot."

All the preparations for the burial were at length completed. A huge sarcophagus of solid stone had been made ready for the reception of the body, to prevent its being disinterred; but at the last moment its use was abandoned, owing to its immense weight and the difficulty of moving it. The 16th of November was set down for the day of the burial. A strong force of military and police overawed the mob, and the remains were quietly interred. The body was inclosed in a wooden coffin, and on delivery from the vault was certified to as really that of GUIBORD. At the grave a few remarks were made by a relative of GUIBORD, who bore testimony to the excellent character of the deceased, and the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. For security against any immediate disturbance of the body, the grave was partially filled in with Portland cement, mixed with scraps of tin and sheet-iron, to weld the mass firmly together and prevent brittleness.

A cold drizzling rain that prevailed tended to diminish both the numbers and the spirit of the hostile crowds that witnessed the funeral. As the superintendent of the Canadian Institute drove away from the gates of the cemetery he was greeted with jeers and hisses. A man after the burial placed a thistle at the foot of the grave, which was snatched away by a by-stander. Aside from these trifling demonstrations, no attempt was made to interfere with or ridicule the ceremonies.

There was some apprehension that the remains would not be suffered to rest in peace, as threats were made to remove them secretly as soon as it could be safely done. A guard of armed policemen was placed around the grave for twenty-four hours after the burial, in order to allow time for the cement to harden.

It is believed that no farther trouble will ensue. The Canadian Institute, having fulfilled its duty in the matter by securing the burial of the remains in consecrated ground, will probably not concern itself as to their future disposition, unless there should be something publicly offensive in the manner of the removal, which is not anticipated. But it seems to be taken for granted that the fanaticism of the French Canadian will not be satisfied until the body has been removed. The precautions taken were intended mainly to prevent a public scandal.



"SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR."

Henry. "I SAY, TOM, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THERE?"
Tom. "OH, HENRY! THAT IS TOO MUCH!" [*Falls back, entirely overcome.*

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

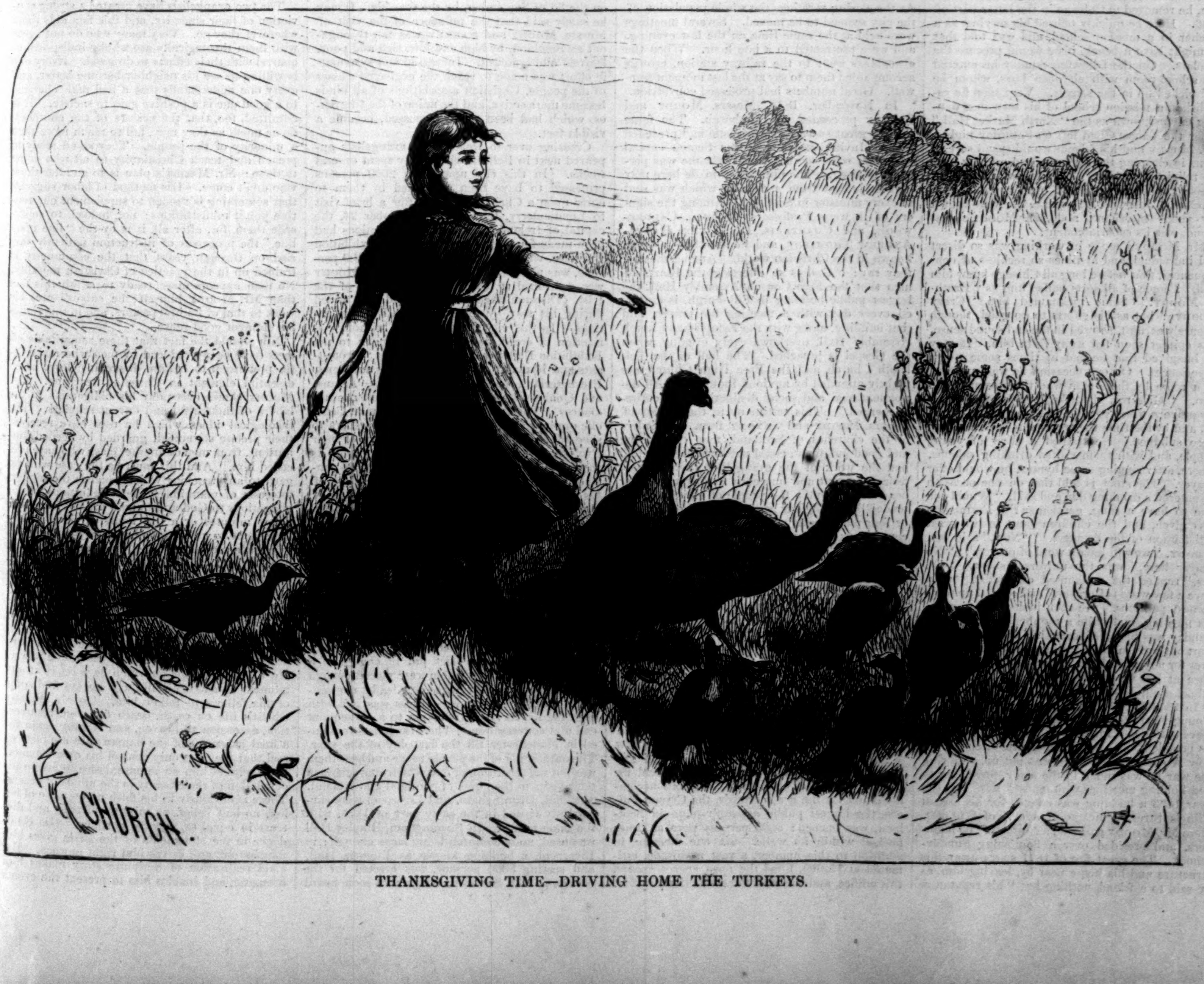
The soft, gray dawn of Thanksgiving-day
Has parted the curtains of night,
And the world awakes with its hopes and fears,
Beginning its life of smiles and tears
With the new-born morning's light.

There are cheerful hearts and lives that are glad,
Which wake to this day of praise;
And those whose hearts for a weary while
Have long forgotten the joy and smile
Of life's sunshiny days.

Some of us walk in sun-lit paths,
Where flowers grow bright and fair,
And some of us tread with tired feet
Where shadow and sorrow daily meet,
And the flowers of life are rare.

Let those who gather the joys of earth
So easily day by day
Remember the lives that are grieved and sad,
And, remembering, strive to make them glad,
And lighten the sombre gray

Which tints the hearts of the lonely poor,
And hides from their eyes the light
That God has meant to shine for all,
As over the world the sunbeams fall
To scatter the shades of night.



THANKSGIVING TIME—DRIVING HOME THE TURKEYS.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have closed their labors in Brooklyn. On Sunday, November 21, they began their meetings in Philadelphia, where a large building capable of seating 8000 persons has been fitted up for their use. Speculation upon the probability of their success in the United States has been set at rest by the fact of their success. The same crowding of the people to listen, the same easy control of vast audiences, the same power of making instant impressions, which marked their progress in England are visible here at home. It is probable, therefore, that effects produced on the other side of the Atlantic will be paralleled in the cities of their own country. They have been most fortunate in touching a wide circle of social and denominational sympathies. Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, English Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Methodists have alike borne testimony to the deep impression made by their preaching and song. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave Messrs. Moody and Sankey a kind word of approval; at their meetings in the West End of London dukes and duchesses and other titled persons were frequently seen in the boxes of the Opera-house, which had been temporarily leased for religious worship; while at the East End, the most poverty-stricken of the population of the great metropolis filled the building extemporized for their accommodation. Mr. Sankey's songs became so popular in London that they could be heard every day in the streets; and when he visited Switzerland and Germany he found that French and German versions of them were in the hands of thousands of the people.

The interest awakened by these evangelists being, therefore, so general, it may not be amiss to present the readers of *Harper's Weekly* a fuller account of their history than has hitherto been practicable in its columns. Dwight L. Moody, the leader in this joint partnership, was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, in 1837, and is now in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His parents were Unitarians. His early advantages were very few, and these but little improved. In his seventeenth year he entered his uncle's shoe store in Boston, and while there became a member of Mount Vernon Congregational Sunday-school. When he first applied for membership in the church, on a profession of faith, his understanding of the truths in which he professed belief was thought to be so imperfect that his admission was postponed for a year. In March, 1856, he was examined a second time, and received into church fellowship. His first efforts to express himself in religious meetings were most unfortunate. Kind friends advised him to refrain, and informed him that he had no capability for public speaking. He was rebuffed in this manner over and over again. Nowise discouraged, but determined to seek a place where his efforts to do good would meet a better reception, he removed to Chicago in the latter part of 1856. Here he quickly offered his services as a teacher in a mission school, and was told that he might have a bench, if he would procure the scholars. On the following Sunday he entered the school-room with eighteen boys, whom he had picked up in the streets. Very soon he established a mission school of his own in a dancing saloon known as the "North Market Hall." After the dancers had left on Saturday nights, Mr. Moody and his friends would spend several hours in cleaning the room up, and making it fit for religious worship. This school rapidly increased, until it numbered over one thousand scholars. John V. Farwell, the well-known dry-goods merchant, and Mr. Moody's fast friend, was its superintendent.

Mr. Moody's mode of working was so direct and individual, and at times so reckless of consequences, that before long all Chicago knew him well. People of all sorts hailed him as "Brother Moody." Some nicknamed him "Crazy Moody;" but as his efforts to do good, though intensely earnest, showed in the end sound sense, this epithet soon fell away from him. It may be imagined that he had at times some rough experiences. On one occasion he was cornered in a room by three men who threatened to kill him. "Give me," he asked, "a chance to say my prayers, won't you?" The request was granted, and by the time the prayer was over, the men were subdued. He trained a choir of young people, and with them visited drinking saloons, where, after singing some hymns, he would offer prayer. The story is told that on one occasion he entered a drinking den and said, "Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?" Permission was given, and the children sang, to the great satisfaction of the listeners. "Now," said Mr. Moody, "we will have a word of prayer." "No prayer here," was the universal shout. "Oh yes," replied the undaunted evangelist, "we'll have a few words of prayer," and offered up some earnest petitions. He then invited all to go to his meeting, and quite a number followed him. Sunday was his chief recruiting day. He would start out early in the morning and hunt the streets over for neglected children, and make his appearance at last with a whole troop of them at the school-room door.

In 1858 Mr. Moody became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, served it as city missionary, and finally became its president. Under his energetic direction the new Association Building was put up. During the war he was much in the army, preaching to and holding meetings with our soldiers. By the year 1863 a building was erected for his use, in Illinois Street, Chicago, at a cost of $20,000. Here Mr. Moody gathered a church of 300 members, and presided over a flourishing Sunday-school. The great fire of 1871 swept away this structure and his home near by, leaving him, as he said to a friend, nothing but "his reputation and his Bible." A temporary building was reared a few weeks after, capable of accommodating 1500 persons, and known as the "North Side Tabernacle." Mr. Moody did not, however, confine himself to this place, but organized open-air meetings in the neighborhood. Children's and mothers' and sewing meetings were also held in this temporary house of worship.

Chicago is full of stories of Mr. Moody's adventures. The street Arabs know right well who he is. A minister who was engaged in distributing tracts rebuked some boys for their profanity. "Say, mister," replied one of them, "do you belong to Brother Moody?" At one time he met in the street several acquaintances, all men of the world. "Friends," said Mr. Moody, "we may never meet again. Here is an alcove. Let us have a prayer." As they stood he offered a short petition, and then left them, with a gentle parting word.

Mr. Sankey is younger than his associate by three years. He was born in Western Pennsylvania, in 1840, of Methodist parentage. He became a member of the Church at the age of fifteen, and was soon known as a sweet and effective singer. He and Mr. Moody first met at a National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, held at Indianapolis. Finding themselves to be of one mind, they associated together for religious work, and spent many months in Chicago and other cities of the Union. Mr. Sankey's power is to be found in a rich voice, a distinct articulation, and the feeling with which he renders the sentiment of his songs. The critical and the uncritical are alike moved by his simple melodies, which are now as familiar to all English-speaking peoples as household words.

The burning of Mr. Moody's place of worship in 1871 and the consequent suspension of his labors appear to have directed his attention to England. He had been invited to go thither by Mr. Pennefather, of London, and Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle. In June, 1873, the two evangelists entered Liverpool. Their first efforts to secure public attention in this city were not at all successful. Their friends, Messrs. Pennefather and Bainbridge, had both died, so that they were left without the important co-operation which they had expected. From Liverpool they proceeded to York and Sunderland, where they fared but little better. In August they began their work in Newcastle. Here they were fortunate in securing the hearty co-operation of the resident ministers. The services quickly became so attractive that two were held simultaneously each evening. On Wednesday, September 10, Mr. Moody tried in this city the experiment of an all-day meeting, each hour being devoted to a special topic. For six hours the place of assembling was thronged, and the interest in the exercises rose higher and higher until the close. During their stay in Newcastle the evangelists made short visits to Darlington, Stockton, North and South Shields, and Carlisle. At the closing meetings the whole population of the city seemed to be moved. Several meetings were held at the same time on the last evening, and were protracted to a late hour. When the evangelists went to the railway station, crowds accompanied them to say at the last moment farewell. Great numbers had professed conversion.

In November, 1873, Messrs. Moody and Sankey proceeded to Edinburgh. The fame of their great success in Newcastle had preceded them. Invitations to visit the Scotch capital had been sent, so that their welcome was perfectly assured. The impression made here may be best judged from a circular which was sent to every minister in Scotland. Among the signers of it were Professors Blaikie, Calderwood, and Charteris, Drs. Duff, Hanna, Andrew Thompson, and many others as well known in the Christian world. Among the rest they say: "God is so affecting the hearts of men that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day with a meeting for prayer, and that building, along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening, when the Gospel is preached. The hall of the Tolbooth Church and the Free High Church are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged." This testimony to the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey from the leaders of the churches of Scotland, men of learning and good judgment, could not have been elicited had the work of the evangelists been characterized by rant and unseemly excitement. For nearly two months the people of Edinburgh attended daily religious services, filling often three or four public buildings at the same hour. The conversions reported numbered many hundreds. Mr. Sankey's music was every where spoken of as a new revelation of the possibilities of Christian song.

The great effect of the preaching of Mr. Moody in Edinburgh opened his way to every part of Scotland. Invitations accordingly came to him and his associate from all the principal cities. A short visit was paid to Dundee, and early in February, 1874, they began in Glasgow with a meeting of 3000 Sunday-school teachers in the City Hall. In the evening of the same day both the City Hall and three neighboring churches were filled with eager listeners. In Glasgow Mr. Moody had the co-operation of such men as Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, and Dr. Buchanan. Separate meetings were held for men, women, and children. To afford accommodation for the great crowds, the Crystal Palace, the largest public assembly-room in Scotland, was opened; 6000 persons were at times packed within its walls. At one meeting, in addition to this number, a vast multitude, estimated at 15,000, filled the open spaces around this edifice, and was addressed effectively by Mr. Moody. During his stay in Glasgow he held a Christian Convention, which was attended by 5000 persons, among whom were 2000 ministers and office-bearers of the churches in Scotland and the north of England.

It may be readily supposed that Mr. Sankey's singing was in Scotland a much-discussed topic. The Scotch have, until recent years, adhered to the exclusive use of psalms in public worship; they have objected, too, to the presence of musical instruments in their churches. They are a musical people, as their stirring ballad poetry well attests; but the religious ballad set to the strains of a secular melody is something they have not heretofore known. A Scotch writer in analyzing the effects produced by Mr. Sankey said that "what he sang was nothing new to the people, but his manner of singing was very new indeed." The music was much of it familiar, but had never before been associated in their hearing with religious sentiment. His earnest endeavor to impress the message contained in each song excited their admiration. They saw in Mr. Sankey a singing preacher, just as they recognized in Mr. Moody a speaking preacher.

From Glasgow the evangelists proceeded to Paisley and Greenock, where, during their short stay, the same effects of their preaching and singing were produced as in other cities. In the latter part of May they returned to Edinburgh. In the two months' interval daily meetings had been maintained in the Scotch capital, with a large attendance of worshipers. On Thursday, May 21, a farewell meeting was held "in a natural amphitheatre on the way to St. Anthony's Well, in the Queen's Park." Between 10,000 and 11,000 persons were here collected together. "It was an impressive sight," says one who was present, "to see masses of human beings hanging on or sitting on the shelves of the rocks, and, to all appearance, in the clefts behind the preacher." In the Presbyterian General Assemblies held that year in Edinburgh frequent reference was made to the extraordinary interest awakened by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the minds of the people of Scotland. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, the Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, said, in his opening address: "The result of this blessed visitation has been the healing of breaches among beloved brethren, and the producing of such union of heart and co-operation among the godly and earnest-minded laborers in all our churches as warrant the hope of union on a broader basis than we had even dreamed of."

During the summer of 1874 they visited Dumbarton, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Huntly, Nairn, and Elgin. At Aberdeen 10,000 persons flocked "to the National Amphitheatre of the Broadhill," where a platform had been erected for the speakers and the choir. Here during the long June evening Mr. Moody addressed an audience which was made up of representatives of all classes of society. The last sermon in Scotland was delivered at Rothesay, on the 3d of September, by the sea-side. It may be safely said that the influence of the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey was felt throughout all Scotland, by high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. Increased and systematic effort was made to reach the neglected classes of the people, Christian associations of all kinds became more active, and the union of the Churches, which had been much discussed, became a visible fact.

Crossing over to Ireland, the evangelists appeared next in Belfast, where they spent several weeks. In this city upward of 2000 persons professed to have been persuaded by them to enter upon a Christian life. After a brief visit to Londonderry, they reached, October 24, the capital of Ireland. Extensive preparations had been made for their reception. The Exhibition Building, which, it is said, will hold 10,000 persons, was placed at their disposal. Mr. Moody was welcomed to Dublin by a minister of the Irish (Disestablished) Church, and was aided during his stay by ministers of all denominations. In this city the population, without distinction of creed, appeared to be drawn to the Exhibition Building. It was said that "Protestants and Roman Catholics, Christians and Jews, Presbyterians, Methodists, Moravians, Arians, and Quakers," were all to be found in the audiences. The *Nation*, one of the Roman Catholic organs of the city, called upon its readers to show all respect to the religious feelings of their Protestant fellow-citizens—in a word, "to do as they would be done by." As many as 2000 converts were reported in Dublin. At the close of his stay here Mr. Moody held a convention of three days' duration, which was attended by 800 ministers from all parts of Ireland, besides thousands of the laity. The topics discussed related to the reaching of the masses, and the best modes of perpetuating the religious interest awakened in Ireland.

Manchester was visited on the 29th of November, and meetings began in Free Trade Hall. In this city Mr. Moody adopted the plan of a house-to-house visitation. The large "ordnance map" of Manchester was divided into fifty districts, and each district put in charge of a superintendent, under whom were placed enough visitors to reach every house. A leaflet containing a hymn and a short address was left with each family, as an introduction to a subsequent call and conversation. The evangelists remained in Manchester till the last day of the year. The outpouring of the people to see and hear them was but the repetition of that which characterized their visits to the cities of Scotland and Ireland. Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool were successively visited in the early part of 1875, with the same results. In Birmingham, Bingley Hall was used, no one church being large enough; in Liverpool, a building known as Victoria Hall, and seating 8000 persons, was erected for the occasion. Mr. Sankey's songs were soon heard in the shops of these great cities. Mr. Moody took pains in England, as he had done in Scotland, to impress his views of Christian work on conventions of ministers and lay Christians. In one of these he answered the question so often asked, "How to reach the masses," in a single sharp sentence—"Go and fetch them."

By the time Messrs. Moody and Sankey were ready to go to London, the attention of the whole United Kingdom had been aroused. The preparations made for them were commensurate with the great extent of the city and the vastness of its population; 1500 ministers of all the Protestant denominations met in advance of their arrival to consult upon the best methods of co-operation with them. A special committee, headed by a major-general, mapped the city into visitation districts. A central office opened by the committee directed district superintendents, who in turn directed the work of the companies of visitors. Agricultural Hall, Islington, which will hold 17,000 persons, was provided with 15,000 chairs, and at the first meeting all these and, in addition, all standing spaces were occupied. Mr. Moody's plan contemplated a meeting of one month's duration in each district of London—North, South, East, and West. On March 10 a daily prayer-meeting was also opened in Exeter Hall, which was crowded in every part. In three days' time it was estimated that as many as 80,000 persons in all had been present at these assemblies. On Sunday, March 14, a meeting for women only was held in the Agricultural Hall, and in the evening one for men. Both times it was filled. The interest once awakened, showed no perceptible decline, but rather increased day by day. Her Majesty's Opera-house was leased for the meetings in the West End of the metropolis, and was in use for seven weeks. On one occasion 1500 blind persons were brought there together. After Mr. Moody's address, Mr. Sankey sang for them "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," with touching effect. The four months spent in London were completed in the summer at Camberwell Green Hall, on the south side. On the 12th of July the last meeting was held in Mildmay Hall; 700 ministers were present, as were also the Earls of Shaftesbury and Cavan, and Messrs. Morley, M'Arthur, and Cowper-Temple. Thanks were freely tendered to Messrs. Moody and Sankey for their labors in England; ample testimony was borne to their disinterestedness; and in this manner the work which began in the summer of 1873 with an attendance of four persons was closed. A proposal to present to the evangelists a testimonial was met by them with a prompt negative. What they have undertaken to do since their return home is sufficiently well known to the readers of this paper. Invitations more than they can accept have poured in upon them. The whole country wishes to see and hear the men who have to such a remarkable degree drawn to themselves the attention of the English-speaking world.

The two evangelists have created a strong conviction of their sincerity, and this fact aids them wherever they go. Very many who do not agree with them theologically are wholly indisposed to quarrel with their efforts to do good. Every one is willing to see his neighbor become better, and every one understands that a bad man changed to a good one is a positive gain to society. It is admitted, too, that the pastors of the churches, do as much as they may, fail to reach more than a minority of the people. They stand ready to preach and teach Christianity to all who come to them: Mr. Moody's plan is to go after those who don't come. His method of labor suggests that something is needed to supplement our routine pulpit ministrations; not, indeed, to supersede them, for, after all, it is by the "line upon line," the processes of instruction patiently carried on through years, that the community is trained up in the practice of Christian morality. No man appears more ready to admit this fact than Mr. Moody himself; he subordinates his work to that of faithful pastors, and in this shows his eminent good sense.

Nor should the fact that these remarkable effects have been produced by men who make little pretension to culture discredit culture as an essential element in Christian teaching. Mr. Moody shows every day his obligations to the labors of thoughtful and devout scholars. The theological ideas which he uses have received their precise statement, guarded by needed limitations, from men of another class who have preceded him. And this must be the case with regard to any teaching which touches the highest interests of mankind. Clear definitions of our obligations to God and to man are not framed in a few minutes or a few hours of time. They have come to us from the labors of the cultivated who have meditated much on human duty, and have devoted their lives to ascertaining the meaning of the Bible, which is for Protestants the supreme authority. In all the schools of theology the scholars have shaped into exact propositions the statements which are handled with more or less effect by the teachers of the people.

Ever since the world began, the man of unhesitating, unquestioning faith has been a power. He who has a belief on which he is ready at any moment to stake his life will always find some of his fellows to follow him. To Mr. Moody Christ's life on earth, death for men, resurrection, ascension to heaven, and coming again for a final judgment of the human race are facts so real that they not only control his own conduct, but excite in him an intense desire to create his conviction of their reality in the minds of others. There is obviously in his faith no pretense of belief, no half belief, no mixture of trust and distrust in equal or unequal portions. His confidence in the statements of the Bible gives him momentum, and drives him right onward. His vivid realization of Scripture story makes him dramatic, and enables him to present the events of remote ages as though they belonged to the life of our day. His favorite Scripture character, **DANIEL**, is as near to his mind as though Chaldea were Illinois and Babylon Chicago. He has this quality in common with all religious leaders, some of whom have been learned, and some quite the reverse. **LOYOLA**'s vision of the Virgin, which summoned him to duty, was just as certain to his soldierly mind as the word of command from a superior officer. In Mr. **MOODY**'s case the majority of the people of the United States more or less share in his convictions of religious truth. The nominal Christianity of the country repeats the creed which is for him so full of meaning. He aims, therefore, to give vitality to the half-dormant sense of obligation which lies imbedded in the conscience of almost every one who listens to him, and to make it operative in daily life; and for this his earnestness, shrewdness, patience, and tact admirably fit him. His companion's music is not of a very high order, perhaps, but it stirs the feelings. Ever since the **HUTCHINSONS** went through the country embodying in song the moral ideas of New England, it has been certain that a school of music would arise whose office it would be to give voice, in like manner, to the popular religious ideas accepted by Americans. Mr. **SANKEY** found this music to his hand, and has become its best-known exponent. It is possible that the two evangelists will have a host of imitators; and the imitators will most probably show a great falling off from the originals. Perhaps this liability may be sufficiently guarded against by the churches; but the desire to imitate will no doubt be very strong, and may in time discredit popular evangelism. It is not clear, either, that the classes most in need of reformation are reached by Mr. **MOODY**; for many of these, Christian labor needs to be more strictly personal. Shame, remorse, and bitterness against a world which has always turned to them its cold side will keep thousands from even so popular a resort as the Rink. For all such will be required an energetic application of Mr. **MOODY**'s formula, "Go and fetch them."

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Sunday,	5.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	12.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY, 1876.

Saturday,	1.—Circumcision.
Sunday,	2.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Thursday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

THE promoters of international arbitration have suffered an almost irreparable loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. J. B. **MILES**, the general secretary of the International Association for the Codification of International Laws. Only a few years ago he left his pastoral charge at Charlestown, Massachusetts, to become the secretary of the American Peace Society. The results of the submission of the disputed *Alabama* claims to arbitrators encouraged the hope that an international code might be framed which would greatly contribute to secure the peace of the world. To the accomplishment of this object Dr. **MILES** devoted all his energies. He held meetings in the United States, in which the formation of an International Code Association was advocated. Europe was also visited for the promotion of this object. Such was his success that at Brussels, in 1873, an International Code Association was organized, with branches in England, France, and Italy. A second Congress was held at Geneva in 1874, and a third at the Hague in the summer of this year. The association now numbers among its members the leading jurists of the world. It has not often been the fortune of one philanthropist to accomplish so much in a little over three years.

The friends of Christian missions are called upon from every side to help fill up the treasuries of their missionary boards. The Presbyterian Board was deficient, on the 1st of November, $226,000. We have already announced the deficiency in the (Dutch) Reformed treasury. The Methodist Episcopal board is carrying a debt of $185,000. The Moravians are the only Protestant body that we have noticed to be in possession of a surplus.

The *Lutheran Observer* of November 19 explains the origin of the rule adopted recently by the Lutheran Council which met at Galesburg, Illinois, declaring that "Lutheran pulpits were for Lutheran ministers only, and Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only." The *Observer* states that while this may be the rule accepted by the "General Council," the "General Synod" does not practice such exclusiveness. "Lutheran ministers of the General Synod exchange pulpits with ministerial brethren of other evangelical Churches, and it is their custom also to invite to their Holy Communion all other Christians present who are in good standing in other evangelical denominations." The rule which has excited so much comment has force only in a section of the Lutheran Church of the United States.

Although there is a lull in the war between Germany and the Church, hostilities have by no means terminated. The Assistant Bishop of Gnesen, Monsignor **CZYBICHOWSKI**, who was some time since transported beyond the boundaries of the province of Posen, recently returned, and was immediately arrested and put in prison. His sentence is for nine months, which he will now serve out. **GUSTAV TAUBE**, the editor of the *Germania*, has been captured by the police and sent to prison, in accordance with a sentence against him pronounced some time since for violation of the press laws. The new law which provides for the administration of parishes by church boards is said to be working well. **RONGE**, after being unheard of for nearly thirty years, has made his appearance in Silesia; he has delivered an anti-Catholic address at Grotkau. The government has seized the furniture and other household property of the Archbishop of Cologne. Dr. **MELCHERS**, the Archbishop, was absent at the time.

Some light has been thrown on the question of the proportion of employed to unemployed ministers in the Presbyterian Church by carefully prepared statistics presented to the Synod of New Jersey. Returns from eight Presbyteries in that Synod report 357 ministers. Of these, 237 are engaged as pastors, stated supplies, or evangelists; 41 in the work of education; 6 as secretaries or agents; 27 are retired, from sickness or old age; 22 are able to preach occasionally; 7 are in secular business; 17 are unsettled, and desire ministerial work. This would show that about one-fifth of the Presbyterian ministers of New Jersey are not fully employed in the labors of the ministry. The *Observer* states that the Presbytery of New York reports 120 ministers, and only 28 pastors.

The many tributes paid to the memory of the late Professor **HORATIO B. HACKETT** show how large a place he filled among the Baptists of the United States. On November 2 he went to his recitation-room as usual, lectured, and in a short time after returning home died, it is supposed of heart-disease. Professor **HACKETT** was originally an orthodox Congregationalist, but adopted Baptist views after reaching manhood. In 1835 he was appointed Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages in Brown University; in 1839 he was elected to the chair of Biblical Literature in the Newton Theological Institution, which he occupied for thirty years. In 1869 he was elected to the same position in the Rochester Theological Seminary, New York. He was a man of large scholarship, sound judgment, and enthusiasm in the work of teaching.

The corner-stone of the monument which the Presbyterians of the United States will erect, as a Centennial offering, to the memory of the Rev. Dr. **JOHN WITHERSPOON**, was laid in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, November 16. The address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. **WM. ADAMS**, of this city, and was an eloquent exposition of the characteristics of Scotch Presbyterianism. In looking forward to the future, Dr. **ADAMS** said: "Should the time ever come when civil government—national, State, or municipal—shall presume to lend itself to what is sectarian, 'fumbling' about our schools and churches, those foundations of our republic; should the old, old question of religious liberty be revived in any form; then shall we see the use and value of that particular element of our nationality which we this day commemorate—an element toughened and disciplined by the sufferings of ages; then you may be sure the old blue flag of Scotch Presbyterianism—a flag that was never trailed in the dust before tyranny or superstition—will be in the very front of the fight."

Among the most notable of recent events in the South was the dedication of the chapel of the Central Tennessee College, in Nashville. This institution, with the Fisk University, in the same city, is devoted to the education of colored persons of both sexes, and has grown with great rapidity. At the South Congregational Conference, held in the Fisk University, November 12, there was a very full discussion of the question, "To what extent are the Catholics gaining a foot-hold among the freedmen?" No statistics were given, but there was a general agreement that Roman Catholics win the freedmen over to them by a total disregard of color distinctions. All testified that the "Church" is working very assiduously among the freedmen.

It is stated that the late Dr. **HOOK**, Dean of Chichester and author of the *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, has left sufficient material for the eleventh volume of this work. It will embrace the important period covered by the life of Archbishop **LAUD**.

The death is announced of the Abbé **MIGNE**, the publisher of many and important ecclesiastical works, and the founder of the *Univers* newspaper, of Paris.

The Pittsburg, Erie, Cleveland, and Columbus Presbyterian Synods will hold a Centennial Memorial Convention in Pittsburg December 7, to commemorate the planting of Presbyterianism in Western Pennsylvania.

The German government has entered upon proceedings in court for the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne.

In a recent charge to his clergy, Dr. **JACKSON**, Bishop of London, gives some valuable information in respect to the prosperity of the State Church in the metropolis of England. Since 1840, 402 churches have been built or restored in the diocese, at a cost of £2,708,613. Thirteen more churches only are needed to supply one for every 6000 souls. The number of the clergy is 1116, an increase of thirty-five in four years; 300 more would be needed to supply one clergyman for every 2000 of the population. The confirmations were, in 1871, 11,756; 1872, 12,701; 1873, 12,296; 1874, 15,229—making a total of 51,982. The population of the diocese being 2,700,000, the annual number of confirmations is much less than one per cent. of the whole. The female candidates for confirmation exceed the male by two to one. Of revivalism Bishop **JACKSON** says: "To the wants created by the uneasiness of skepticism, and to the reaction it causes, must, I think, to some extent be attributed the unprecedented favor with which revivalist effort has been received and the wide interest it has excited. There is something in it real, stirring, undeniable. The message is simple, the sincerity of those who deliver it undoubted, the sympathy of the multitudes contagious, and—may we not believe?—the united prayers of thousands are not left without an answer."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN the last number of *Harper's Weekly* there was a graphic double-page engraving representing a dismantled wreck drifting in mid-ocean, with two helpless, starving men waiting for rescue from the fearful death which has almost overtaken them. Such a scene is not a mere fancy sketch drawn from the fertile brain of the artist. Very recently strange stories of shipwrecks have been told, which are as mysterious and as terrible as the most vivid imagination could conceive. Two of these we will briefly relate.

On October 2 the captain of the brig *Centaur*, from Nicaragua, observed a boat drifting helplessly along in Honduras Bay, with one man in it, leaning against the side, his head drooping over his breast. He could neither move nor speak, and was extremely emaciated; but after being taken on board, slowly recovered, and was brought to the port of New York. His name is Antonio Maximo; he is a native of Manila, and the sole survivor of the bark *Toronto*, from Glasgow, which was wrecked near Navassa, one of the West India Islands. The *Toronto* sailed from Glasgow about four months ago, according to Maximo's account, discharged its cargo of coal at Madeira, and then went to Navassa for a cargo of guano. Soon after leaving that island a furious storm arose, and the vessel being dismantled, those on board, fourteen in number, sought safety in one of the boats. Almost immediately seven of them were washed into the sea. The survivors seem to have drifted for days without food, and only the water obtained from occasional rains. They became crazed. Some, Maximo says, leaped into the sea; others lay, with parched mouths open, leaning against the boat side, until they all died, except this one man, who thinks he was twenty-five days in the boat. He sustained life by eating sea-weed, and occasionally caught a sea-bird. The account given by Maximo is deficient and disjointed, for doubtless his reason wandered amidst his severe sufferings.

The other tale is a mystery of the sea, strange and fearful. On September 25 the brig *Helen G. Rich* was lost on Damas Key, off the Cuban coast. A few days after the wrecked vessel went ashore the mate noticed several poles standing on rocks about two miles distant. With three sailors he rowed a boat to the reef, and near the shore discovered, totally submerged, the hull of an iron vessel, dismasted. On shore, amidst many evidences of the wreck, two or three small huts were found, and four dead bodies, decomposed beyond recognition. The bodies were clothed, but from the fact that not a particle of any thing eatable could be found any where in the vicinity, it seemed probable that the wretched men had been starved to death. Nothing was discovered to give any clew to their identity, and the stern of the vessel was so deep under water that the name could not be seen. The ship had probably been driven on the reef by a hurricane, and it was thought it must have been there nearly a year. The seamen who made this shocking discovery were brought to this port about the 1st of November in the brig *Palo Alto*. So far as is known, the long-wrecked vessel has not even been mentioned as "missing."

The question which has arisen in the public mind as to whether the Centennial Exhibition would be open on Sundays is answered in a circular of general arrangements, approved and published by the Executive Committee. One of the regulations reads as follows:

> "The Exhibition will be open on May 10, 1876, and will remain open every day, except Sunday, until November 10."

This rule has never been revoked, and it has also been definitely stated that the Commission has never contemplated having the Exhibition open on Sunday.

It is generally understood that it is the duty of a steamer to keep out of the way of a sailing vessel on the ocean. The collision between the *Pacific* and the *Orpheus*, therefore, seems to have been due to some mismanagement on the part of the *Pacific*. It is stated that the side lights of the steamer were not displayed—only the white light at the mast-head.

On the morning of November 15 the tide in the Thames River was the highest on record. Greenwich and the low lands along the river were partially inundated. The damage in London and vicinity caused by the high tides on the 15th and 16th of November was estimated at $5,000,000.

Complaint is made of the stagnant water in the lakes of Central Park, which has caused malarial diseases in several cases. The boatmen on the lakes have suffered with chills and fever, contracted, as some of them assert, on the water. If this is true, Central Park is no healthful resort for children or grown folks; and such a state of things should not be allowed for a day in the people's public pleasure-ground.

"Chirographic insanity" is a newly coined Boston phrase, and may be regarded as the polite term to apply to forgery. It seems to have originated in consequence of a case in the Superior Criminal Court, where a young man tried for forgery was defended on the ground that he had been out of health for some time, and had been accustomed to spend whole evenings in writing imaginary checks, deeds, promissory notes, etc.

The feat of a bicycle ride from Vienna to Paris has been accomplished by a Frenchman named Laumaillé. The time occupied in the journey was twelve days and three hours; and the machine, after going over nearly 700 miles of ground, is pronounced "as fresh as a daisy," although the roads, from recent rains, were in a bad condition. A companion of M. Laumaillé is reported to have broken down after about 600 miles of the trip was performed.

In addition to the large buildings designed for specially classified articles at the Centennial Exhibition, numerous other buildings have been, and will be, erected for many classes of objects not provided for in the main buildings. According to present indications, there will be not far from 250 of these outside buildings.

It is said that guests at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, need not worry themselves about earthquakes; the whole structure is pronounced earthquake-proof. This assurance is very comforting.

Quality of brain as well as quantity is important in determining the intellectual powers of human beings. The average weight of the brain, according to an interesting paper in a recent number of the *Lancet*, is about 49 ounces in men and 44 ounces in women. Some of the heaviest brains, the weights of which have been accurately ascertained, were those of Cuvier, 64 ounces; Abercrombie, 63 ounces; Goodsir, 57.5 ounces; Sir J. Simpson, 54 ounces; Daniel Webster, 53.5 ounces; and Dr. Chalmers, 53 ounces. Against these six names of more or less distinction the *Lancet* gives the weights of the brains of six lunatics who died at the West Riding Lunatic Asylum. They were 58 ounces in two cases, 58.5 ounces, 59.5 ounces, 60.5 ounces, and 61 ounces. Among about 300 insane women at the same establishment, brains were found weighing from 50 to 56 ounces. One demented man who died at seventy had a brain weighing 61 ounces, which, following the generally accepted principle of loss of weight after middle age, must have weighed 64 ounces when he was forty years old. Out of 705 patients who have died at the West Riding Lunatic Asylum, the weight of brain was found in all cases but little below the average.

A very simple and agreeable cure for the use of intoxicating drinks was recently given by a gentleman at a festival of a reformatory institution. He said: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage from a neighboring druggist. The prescription is simply an orange every morning half an hour before breakfast. 'Take that,' said the doctor, 'and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva, and it would be as well to try to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

A mouse in the wainscoting of the Western Union Telegraph office recently proved to be an incendiary. The wires, insulated by a coating of cotton soaked in paraffine, ran close together, and the mouse gnawed the insulation, and thus brought the wires together, and connected some of the large batteries. Becoming heated thereby, the wires set fire to the insulating composition. The fire was discovered in season to prevent a serious conflagration.

The ocean beach near San Francisco affords no favorable opportunity for bathing or driving, the banks being too steep. At Santa Cruz and Aptas a fine beach and surf are found. The climate of San Francisco is exhilarating. There are no hot, sultry nights, and snow and ice are almost unknown. Nevertheless, it has fogs and high winds, which become raw and boisterous toward afternoon. But in the more inland towns the climate is mild and equable, and the soil remarkably fertile. At San José and in that vicinity hundreds of retired business men have built themselves country homes.

The rank and file in the Prussian army are miserably paid and poorly fed, according to our ideas. The *Court Journal* gives some interesting statistics concerning this matter. The only ration which a private soldier receives in peace is 1½ pounds of coarse bread. His pay is 36 thalers a year, or about 9s. a month; from this a deduction of 1½ groschen, or about 1½*d.*, a day is made for messing, and to this is added an allowance made by government, which varies according to the garrison, and is fixed quarterly. On the whole, it may be said that each German soldier has a bowl of gruel or coffee in the morning and one meal in the middle of the day provided for him, also that he has about 2½*d.* remaining over from his pay to provide his supper. There is no fixed rate of pay for the non-commissioned ranks. A bargain is made with each non-commissioned officer from time to time, according to the value of his services. But after they leave the army they are well provided for, and it is wholly unknown that a deserving non-commissioned officer should be necessitated to seek employment, after he has served his time, because he is unprovided for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COUNTRY girl coming from the field, told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by dew, said, "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some minutes afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish dad would get anuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you 'round."

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of a rainbow.

The refined style, so as not to shock people's nerves, was invented by the boudoir journalist Adolphus de Crême. He thus writes of a recent event: "A Missouri man has, we regret to record, coaxed a boy to take sulphuric acid, and a crowd, we rejoice to promulgate, coaxed the man to play pendulum from the limb of a shady tree."

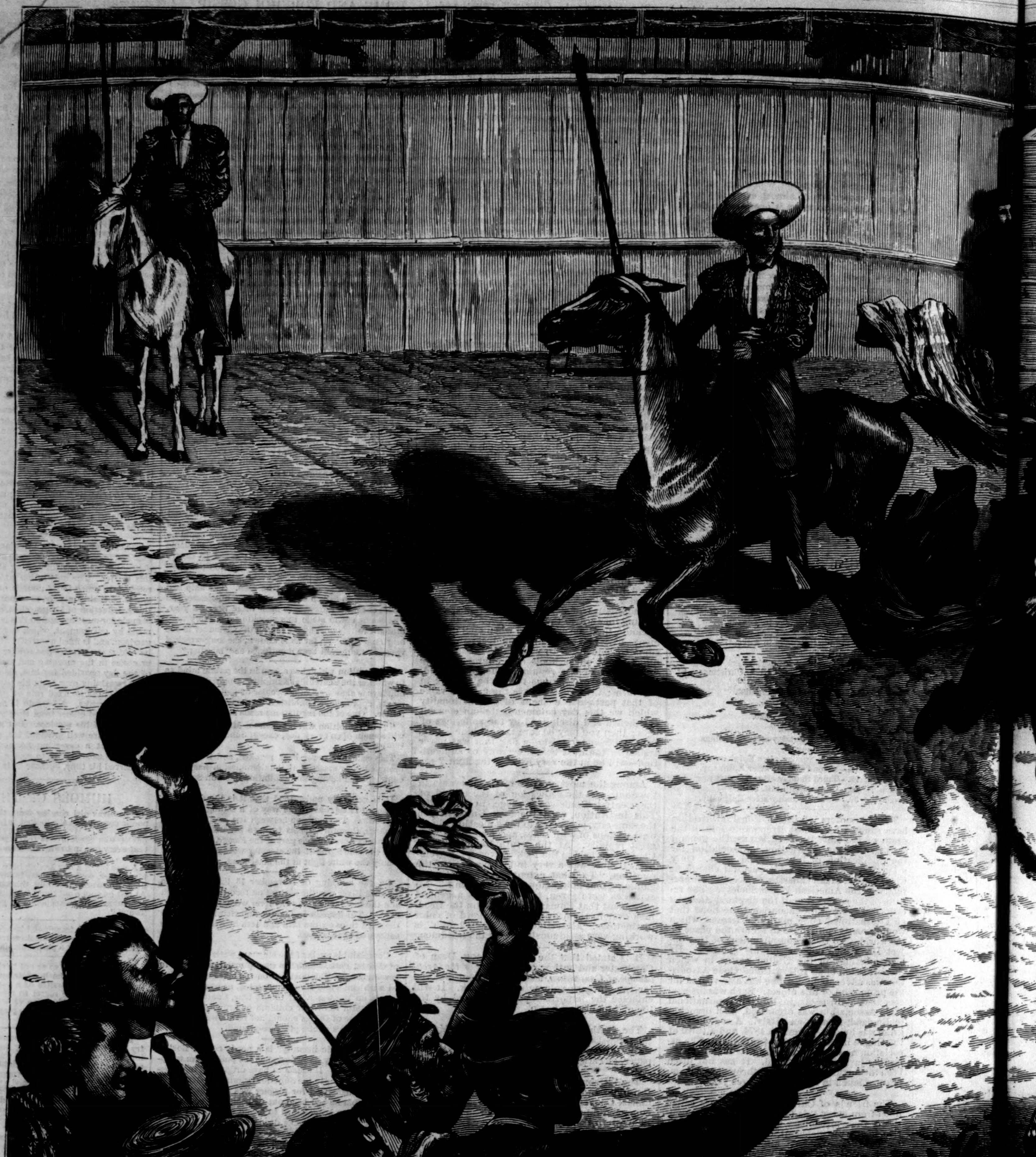
There are giantesses in Minnesota, it seems. A country paper there, in describing the burning of a dwelling, mentions the rescue, "by way of a window, of the servant-girl, fifteen feet in height."

A Louisa County man tamed a prairie-dog that somebody sent him until the docile little creature would eat off his hand. At least it ate off about three-quarters of his thumb yesterday, but died of concussion of the brain before it could finish the hand.

A boy in St. Louis was recently presented with a jackknife, with which, boy-like, he cut and marked everything that came in his way, from the dining-room table to the cat's tail. A few days after he had become the happy possessor of the knife, his father was startled by seeing two men bringing home the young hopeful in a very dilapidated condition. His face seemed to be cut and bruised and covered with blood. The father, of course, was very much alarmed, and inquired of the boy who had hit him. "Nobody didn't hit me," the boy answered, between his sobs: "it was only a mule kicked me in the eye." "A mule kicked you in the eye, eh?" echoed the father. "Haven't I told you a thousand times or more that mules and gunpowder were not fit things for boys to fool with? What were you doing to the mule?" "I wasn't foolin' with him at all," said the boy; "I was only tryin' to cut my name on his back."

A young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ——, I send you bi the boy a bucket of flours. They is like my love for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. The dogfenil menes I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fale."

An old gentleman, who was always boasting how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.



“BRAVO, TORO!”—A REMI CENC

“BRAVO, TORO!”

Bull-fights as a popular amusement were common in ancient Greece, particularly in Thessaly, and in Rome under the emperors, though in later times they were forbidden both by emperors and popes. In Spain and Mexico they are still a favorite pastime. In Spain “all combats between men and bulls for the entertainment of the public” were forbidden by **Charles IV.**, but **Joseph**, the brother of **Napoleon**, re-established them out of policy, the mass of the Spanish population being passionately fond of the sport. The most magnificent bull-fights were at one time instituted by the monarchs themselves. At present, both in the capital and larger towns of Spain, they are held either as private speculations or for the benefit of public institutions. In Madrid the bull-fighting season commences in April and lasts until November. During that time at least one afternoon every week is devoted to the sport. The proceeds go to the funds of the General Hospital. The fights take place in a kind of circus called the Plaza de Toros, round which the seats rise one above another, like the steps of a staircase, with a tier of boxes over them. This plaza is capable of containing from 10,000 to 12,000 people, who pay a high price for admission, considering the rate of wages in Spain, and all go attired in their best to the spectacle.

The best Andalusian bulls are bred at Utera, the best Castilian ones on the Jarama, near Aranjuez. These animals are fiercer and more active than the British bull, but inferior to it in strength. The horses engaged in the conflicts are worthless brutes, fit only for the knacker. The men employed are generally those who have been bred to bull-fighting as a profession, but amateurs are often allowed to take part.

The bull-fight has been described as a tragedy in three acts. The principal performers in the first are the *picadors;* in the second the *chulos* are the only actors; the third and last devolves solely on the *matador*. The picadors are all mounted, dressed like Spanish knights of the olden time, and armed with a lance. They take their position in the middle of the circus, opposite the bull stalls. The chulos, who are on foot, are gay with ribbons, and wear very bright-colored cloaks. They distribute themselves in the space between the barriers. The matador, or chief combatant, is also on foot. He is handsomely dressed, and holds in the right hand a naked sword, in the left a small stick with a piece of scarlet silk attached. On a sign given by the chief magistrate a bull is let out from the stalls. The picadors stand ready in the arena awaiting his charge. With a brave bull they find all their skill requisite in acting on the defensive; with a cowardly one they act on the offensive. If the thrusts they inflict on the poor beast should be ineffectual in arousing him to the requisite fury, he is ignominiously hooted by the crowd, and at last stabbed ingloriously in the spine. Whenever a horse is
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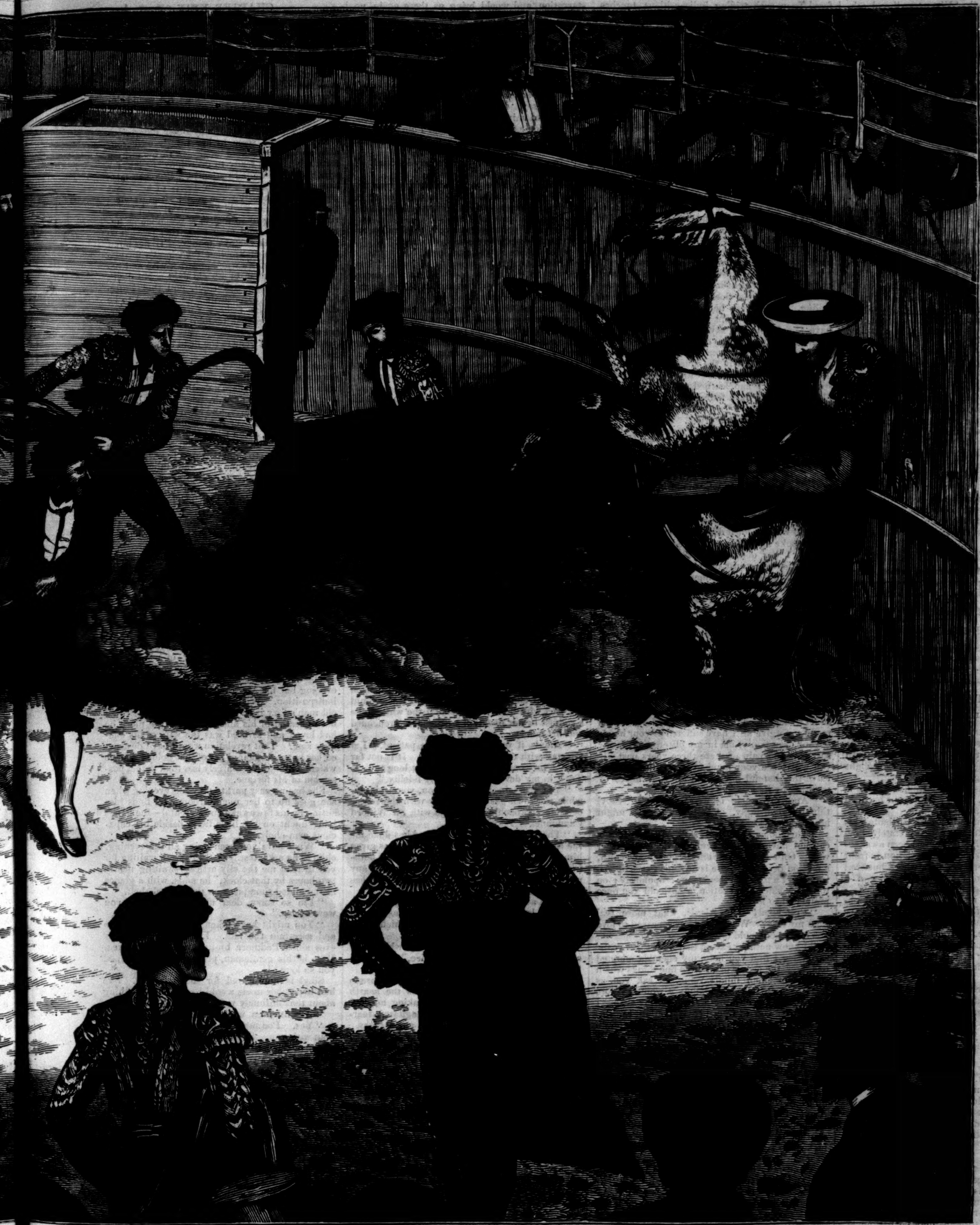

EMI CENCE OF SAN ROQUE.

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the scarlet flag he holds in his hand, the wretched beast generally rushes madly at it; and then the matador, if he is well skilled, plunges the sword "between the left shoulder and the blade," and the animal falls dead at his feet. The victorious matador is greeted with acclamations, which would be equally extended to the bull should he wound or even kill his enemy; but human life is rarely sacrificed.

The above illustration represents one of these frightful contests witnessed by the artist during a visit to one of the annual fairs held at San Roque. The building where the combat was held had no roof, and the regulations in regard to prices of admission were beautifully simple, the cost of a seat in the shade being just double that of one in the sun. The entertainment lasted about three hours, during which time eight bulls were turned into the ring, played, and killed for the gratification of a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

An eye-witness of one of these contests thus describes the scene: "Through an early application our party succeeded in obtaining eligible positions for witnessing the spectacle. At four o'clock precisely the trumpets sounded, and forthwith entered in martial array the entire number of combatants, gayly dressed, and presenting altogether a most brilliant and striking effect. Marching to the opposite side of the ring, they respectfully bowed to the appointed authorities, and then took their places, in complete readiness for action. At a given signal a small iron gate was suddenly opened, and in an instant a furious bull bounded wildly into the arena. Then, as if petrified with astonishment at the wonderful scene around him, he stood motionless for a few seconds, staring wildly at the immense assembly and vehemently pawing the ground beneath his feet. His compressed fury endured but a moment, for suddenly his glaring eye caught sight of a red flag which one of the chulos waved before him, and immediately he rushed after his nimble adversary, who evaded his pursuit by skillfully jumping over the inclosure of the ring. The Herculean animal, thus balked in his rage, next plunged desperately toward one of the picadors, who calmly awaited his approach, and then turned off the attack by masterly management of his long steel-capped pike. Thwarted once more in his purpose, he became still more frantic than before. Half closing his eyes and lowering his formidable horns, he rushes again at another of the picadors, and completely unhorses him. His attention is then drawn off by the chulos while his adversary regains his seat. But the horse is crimsoned with gore from a wound in the breast. This further inflames the fury of the bull, which springs toward him with terrific rage, and thrusting his horns savagely into the lower part of the tottering animal, almost raises him from his feet, tearing and lacerating him until the pitiable creature falls to the earth in the agonies of death. Then shouts of applause from the spectators filled the arena. 'Bravo, toro!' 'Viva, toro!' and other exclamations of encouragement to the bull broke from every mouth. Two other horses shortly shared the same miserable fate, and their mangled bodies were lying covered with blood in the middle of the arena. The bull himself was now becoming perceptibly exhausted, and at the sound of a trumpet the ring is instantly cleared. The matador enters the circle by a secret door, bows to the president, and throws down his cap as a token of respect. An intense stillness reigns throughout the assembly: the most critical moment of the tragedy is now at hand, and all eyes are riveted upon the person and movements of the matador. A single fatal thrust may launch him into eternity, and yet no expression of fear escapes him. Cool and self-possessed, he stands before his victim, studious of every motion, and ready to take advantage of any chance. The bull and matador, motionless as if carved in marble, present an effective tableau. At length, like an electric flash, the polished steel flashes in the air and descends with tremendous force into the neck of the doomed animal, burying itself in the flesh even up to the hilt. The blow is well aimed, and from the mouth of the bull a torrent of blood rushes forth in a crimson stream. He staggers, recovers himself for an instant, and then falls dead at the feet of his conqueror, amidst the tumultuous plaudits of the excited throng of spectators."

It is this wonderful display of bravery on the part of the matador that fascinates the attention of a Spanish audience, and not the shedding of blood or the sufferings of the animal, which are as much lost sight of in the excitement of the moment as the gasping of the fish or the quiverings of a worm upon the hook are disregarded by the humane disciple of **Izaak Walton**.

In Madrid, during the year 1833, ninety-nine bulls were killed in the course of a single week. In spite of the acclamation and applause awarded to the daring and skillful matador, bull-fighters are regarded as the lowest class in Spain. They are a most ignorant and superstitious set of people, and such is the contempt felt for them by the priesthood that those who are killed in the arena and die without confession are denied burial rites.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWEEN LOVE AND GOLD.

The footman surveys the stranger doubtfully, and rings a bell to summon Podmore, the butler, feeling unequal to cope single-handed with this eruption of an unknown visitor at eight o'clock in the evening.

"Mr. Trenchard is not very well, Sir. He is confined to his room, in fact; but if your business is any thing important—"

Here Podmore comes to the subordinate's reli[illegible] He enters on the scene with a stately slowne[illegible]breathing heavily, having just been awakened [illegible]n the pleasant slumber of repletion in front of [illegible]e fire in the servants' hall, where buttered toast, eggs, and ham, the daily papers, and a quiet game at cribbage are his evening solace.

"Mr. Trenchard is indisposed, Sir," he observes, severely, as if the stranger ought to have been aware of the fact; "but if you wish I can carry him a message." The intruder looks like a gentleman, and Podmore remembers that other mysterious visitor of last summer, who came and went like the wind, no one knowing whence or whither.

"If Miss Faunthorpe is at home and will see me I need not trouble Mr. Trenchard," replies Alexis, after a moment's consideration. "Be kind enough to give her my card."

Podmore stifles a yawn, and receives the card on a salver, which he takes from the hall table, and carries into the drawing-room, where Sibyl is sitting in solitary grandeur dreaming over a volume of Tennyson.

"A gentleman, ma'am, wishes to see Mr. Trenchard, but I told him my master was indisposed. Would you favor him with a few minutes' conversation, ma'am?"

"Is that the gentleman's card?" inquires Sibyl, languidly.

"Yes, ma'am."

Sibyl takes up the morsel of pasteboard with the tips of her fingers, and that elegant air of listlessness which is so provoking to Marion. She looks at the name a little curiously, notwithstanding her languor, for it strikes her suddenly that this visitor of to-night may be her uncle's mysterious guest of the race night. One glance at the card shows her the name of all others most appalling to her, and yet there is, in that first moment of surprise, a thrill of rapture in the thought that the one man she loves is near her.

"Where is he?" she cries, starting up from her low easy-chair, with a display of animation that awakens Podmore's suspicions.

"In the 'all, ma'am. Shall I show him in?"

"Certainly."

"How fortunate that Uncle Trenchard should be out of the way to-night!" thinks Sibyl, too bewildered by the one startling fact of her husband's coming to be able to take in at a glance all the consequences of such an event.

Stephen Trenchard has been slightly ailing during the last week, and has kept himself hermetically sealed, as it were, against east winds in the seclusion of his bed-chamber. He has suffered from such trifling indispositions, touches of cold and rheumatism, several times during late autumn and early winter, and Mrs. Stormont is confirmed in her opinion that dear Mr. Trenchard is breaking fast, or, as the colonel puts it, in the friendly gossip across the walnuts and the wine, "the old fellow is going off the hooks."

Podmore ushers Mr. Secretan into the drawing-room and retires, leaving husband and wife standing some yards apart, face to face.

Yes, there she stands. The wife lost so long, regretted so bitterly—there she stands, unchanged by care or sorrow, far lovelier than when he saw her last with the pinch of poverty on her cheek, and the wan pallor of care tarnishing the ivory whiteness of her complexion. She stands before him to-night the focus of all that is fairest in the luxurious room: amidst all the upholsterer's gilding and color she is the brightest spot. She is pale as marble, but the large dark eyes shine with a vivid light as she stretches out her hands to Alexis, as if in fondest welcome.

"Alex!" she cried; "Alex! you have found me, in spite of all my care—found me too soon!"

She is ready to throw herself upon his breast and pour out her pent-up love in sobs and kisses, but his countenance does not invite this gush of feeling. He surveys her with a look in which there is more contempt than anger. "Yes, I have found you," he says; "found you in the comfortable nest which you discovered for yourself when you turned your back upon starvation and me; found you in the house of my father's deadly enemy—of mine—for before I could speak plainly I had learned to hate him—yes, Mrs. Secretan, I have found you and the clew to your mystery."

"Alexis, you are too cruel. It was for your sake as much as for my own I came here. Yes, as Heaven hears and judges me, I thought of your happiness as much as of my own. Why should we both starve, when there was my uncle's fortune waiting for me to claim my share of it? I knew that he was an old man—that we could not have many years to wait."

"And you left me to think you false, dishonored, or dead, while you played out this paltry game of waiting for a dead man's shoes."

"I spoke as plainly as I dared in my farewell letter. I was obliged to act secretly, knowing your prejudice against my uncle!"

"Don't give my sentiment so mild a name. It is hatred—or at best a sovereign contempt."

"He has been so good to me, Alexis," pleads Sibyl.

"No doubt. Vipers and scorpions and other noxious reptiles are kindly to their offspring, I dare say. You are of his own treacherous blood. There is sympathy between you."

"Alexis, how can you be so cruel? Did you come here only to torture me?"

"I came here to discover whether you are my wife or no. I came to offer you your choice between Mr. Trenchard's fortune—a fortune founded on treachery, remember—and my love. I am ready to forgive all I have suffered at your hands—your desertion of me in my bitterest need, my suspense and pain of these three years past—if you will place your hand in mine to-night and leave this hateful house and all your hopes of profiting by its master's bounty."

"And my uncle is dying, perhaps," Sibyl thinks, despairingly. "In a few weeks I might inherit his fortune."

"The choice is simple," says Alexis. "You can not have much difficulty in deciding either way. On one side your uncle's garnered wealth, a million perhaps—there is no limit to the opportunities of a man who begins unscrupulously; on the other side my affection, a husband you once pretended to love—"

"Pretended! Oh, Alexis, what more real than my love? When have I ever ceased to love you? If you could only know—"

"I know nothing except that after three years' severance I find you here, my enemy's adopted daughter, the centre of all those fine things which women of small minds value. I ask you, as many a man has asked many a woman before to-day, to leave all unreservedly for my sake. I do not ask you to return to starvation, remember, or to the genteel adventurer's hand-to-mouth existence. I have learned to earn my daily bread. The pinch of poverty need never touch you more."

"Not till health fails you, or we grow old," returns Sibyl. "I know what the workers for their daily bread have to look forward to when that day comes. The work-house or the river. Alexis, for pity's sake be reasonable! If my uncle Trenchard's fortune was founded on money that ought to have been your father's—he makes the story tell against your father, mind—so much the more reason that it should come to you and me when he is dead. He is past seventy, more feeble during the last two years than he has been. He can not live much longer, and I am as certain as I can be of any thing that he means to leave me the bulk of his fortune. Why should I throw away such a chance?"

"Simply because money so obtained would be odious to me, as it should be to you. You are as false to Stephen Trenchard as you have been to me. Your presence in this house is a fraud. Do you think your uncle would leave his money to the wife of Philip Secretan's son?"

"Perhaps not," falters Sibyl. "But for his money to come back to you would be an act of restitution. Providence works in that way sometimes."

"Providence never works through evil. I want none of Stephen Trenchard's money; all of it tainted with fraud and lying, I'll warrant. I want you, the penniless girl I married four years ago. I had no thought of a fortune when I asked you to be my wife, Sibyl. I have no thought of a fortune now."

"No, Alex. You were always reckless, and your recklessness brought us to the threshold of starvation, and would bring us there again, no doubt, if I let you have your way."

"That means you are not coming with me? You hold by your rich uncle in preference to your husband?"

"Alex, I love you with all my heart. You are never absent from my thoughts; the hope of our reunion is the one hope that brightens my life."

"I will believe that if you put your hand in mine and say, 'I am yours, husband, come weal or woe.' I might claim you by law, remember—claim you as my chattel. But I am too proud to do that. You must follow me freely or not at all. You shall have your choice."

"In a few months my uncle may be dead. I will come to you then."

"I will not have you then, neither you nor your ill-gotten wealth. Revel in it, fatten on it, but you shall be no wife of mine unless you leave this house with me to-night."

"It would be too great a folly to abandon every chance when success seems so near."

"You decide for the rich uncle?"

"Alex," cries Sibyl, wringing her hands, "how can you be so cruel to me? Can't you understand that it is for your sake as much as for my own I want to be rich?"

"I can not, for I have told you plainly that I despise wealth so won. I see you have made your choice, and I have now only one thing more to settle before I leave you to the fulfillment of your destiny. What have you done with our child?"

"He is in safe keeping."

"I can believe that, but it is not quite enough. I want the custody of him."

"How could you take care of so young a child—a boy of scarcely three years old?"

"I would take excellent care of him."

"He would be a burden to you."

"I should not think so."

"Alexis," exclaimed Sibyl, bursting into tears, "I have deceived you. I did not like to tell you the sad truth. Our boy is dead. He died within a week of his birth."

"Heartless woman, you have fooled me with a false hope! I have built all my schemes of future happiness upon that child, and now you tell me he is dead. Which am I to believe, your letter, or your assertion of his death?"

"I have no motive for deceiving you in this matter. You offer to take the charge of him off my hands. If he lived, I should be too glad to accept such an offer."

"Perhaps, for you who have so little of a wife's affection can not have much of the maternal instinct."

"Alexis!" she cries, despairingly.

She runs to him and throws herself into his arms, and sobs upon his breast, distracted between love and ambition. The glittering prize seems too near for her to let it go. She can not bring herself to say farewell fortune, welcome love. She clings to her husband as if she could not part with him, yet means all the while to be steadfast in her devotion to Stephen Trenchard and his money.

"Alexis, if you would only be patient. Let me stay with my uncle to the end. It is not far off. Every one tells me he has not long to live. Trust in my devotion to you, my fidelity."

"Yes, trust in your devotion, your fidelity, while the town gossips are busy with the rumor of your approaching marriage with Sir Wilford Candonnel."

"The merest folly. Sir Wilford has done me the honor to admire me, and my uncle has given him some little encouragement. You have nothing to fear from such a rival, Alexis, or from any rival. My heart belongs to you. My love has never wavered."

"And as a proof of this unwavering love you refuse to leave this house, all this crimson satin and gilding, for the humble home which I can offer you."

"I refuse to throw away a fortune which only a lunatic would consent to sacrifice," replies Sibyl, with a touch of impatience.

The worthy Podmore enters at this juncture to replenish the fire. He approaches the hearth with slow and ponderous steps, taking note of all he sees on his passage, Sibyl's agitated, tear-stained face, her visitor's pale and angry looks.

"Good-by, Miss Faunthorpe," says Alexis, while the butler is doctoring the fire with deliberate care, as if every flame were a precious life in danger of extinction. "I think I've explained all I wish you to convey to your uncle."

"Yes," she falters.

"Good-night."

"Good-night. Are you going to leave Redcastle soon?"

"By the first train to-morrow morning."

"Good-by."

She would give much to say more—to entreat him once again to be patient and to look forward to their reunion later—to accept her by-and-by, burdened with the weight of Stephen Trenchard's wealth. But the astute Podmore, having heard the note of leave-taking, waits to show the visitor out, and Alexis is presently escorted to the hall door, as if by the warder of a prison.

He goes out of that house well-nigh heart-broken, though pride has enabled him to bear himself lightly enough, and even to make light of his disappointment.

"I loved her so well that it is hard to find her worthless," he tells himself. "Not one spark of generous feeling—all sordid greed of gain. Had I told her of my altered fortunes, she would have come to me. Yes, she might, perhaps, have surrendered Stephen Trenchard's larger wealth. But I thank God I had resolution enough to keep that secret. And so good-by my dream of domestic life, my hope of an heir to inherit my name! I stand alone henceforth, wifeless with a wife, childless, though a child has been born to me, whose baby face I was not permitted to see."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SIR WILFORD HAS HIS OWN WAY.

When her husband is gone, and the full significance of that meeting and parting comes home to her, Sibyl feels as if all the hope and glory of her life were departed with him. She does not repent her decision. Were Alexis to offer her the same choice again she would decide in exactly the same manner. In her limited way of looking at the question there is no possibility of arriving at any other determination. It would seem to her utterly unreasonable, an act of absolute lunacy, to throw away a fortune which is ready to drop into her lap, for which she has waited patiently, living her false life, suppressing the truer instincts of her heart and mind for nearly three years. She wonders that a man of the world can demand such a sacrifice, can cling to so foolish a prejudice as hereditary hatred, and even carry that passion so far as to hate his enemy's money. To her mind the inheritance of Stephen Trenchard's fortune by Alexis Secretan's wife appears a wise and beneficent settlement of an old debt. No doubt her uncle Stephen was right, and that Philip Secretan was a spendthrift who deserved to be disinherited. His father's fortune held over, quadrupled, increased tenfold perhaps, in Stephen's prudent hands, would pass to Alexis, and justice would be done to the dead father through the living son.

Sibyl can not believe that Alexis will be obdurate when the hour of her freedom comes, with Stephen Trenchard's death.

"No, I will not despair," she says to herself, drying her tearful eyes, and looking at her white face in the glass over the low marble chimney-piece. "Cruel as he was to-night, he loves me too well to repudiate me by-and-by when I am free to return to him. Poor fellow! How could he reject fortune if it were mine to give him; he, who has suffered the sharp stings of poverty, and who has to work for his daily bread? How could he turn his back upon the bright new life that would lie before us if my uncle's money were mine—not life within the four walls of a handsome dungeon, like this house, but life wherever earth is loveliest—in Paris, in Italy, sailing in our yacht on the Mediterranean, free as birds, without a care or a thought except how to get the most pleasure out of our youth and wealth and freedom?"

Comforted by reflections like these, Sibyl calms herself, and prepares to continue her part of ministering angel to Stephen Trenchard. Illness makes the old man irritable, and the character is not the easiest in the world to perform.

She trembles at the thought of what would happen if her uncle and her husband were to meet—of what might have happened this very evening but for Mr. Trenchard's most fortunate indisposition. What limit would there be to the old man's fury if he were to discover that he had been cheated of his affection—that the niece he had loved and favored was the wife of his enemy's son? That revelation would have destroyed her hopes, beggared her of that golden chance which seems to her scarcely less than actual possession of his fortune.

She has no easy part to play this evening when she goes up to her uncle's room, and finds him sitting by his fire awake and watchful—the *Times* lying uncut on the little table beside his capacious arm-chair.

"What have you been doing all the evening, child?" he asks, testily. "I've been waiting for you to read me the city article—waiting nearly two hours by that clock," he adds, with a glance at the gilded time-piece on the mantel-shelf.

"I'm so sorry, dear uncle. I thought you were asleep."

"You might have taken the trouble to come and ascertain the fact. I have not closed my eyes since Podmore brought me my beef tea. Who is this gentleman, pray, who has detained you so long?"

Sibyl is unprepared for this question. She had hoped her uncle would have known nothing about that untimely visitor.

"A gentleman, uncle?"

"Yes. Podmore told me you had a gentleman with you. Some one who wanted to see me on particular business, and, being told that I was ill, asked to see you instead. What did the fellow want?"

"He wanted you to subscribe to a fund for building a new church at Krampston, uncle," replies Sibyl, with a desperate plunge. Some lie she must needs invent, no matter what shape it took. "Some new sect, I think, if I understood him rightly. I told him I did not think you would care to subscribe, but that he might call again if he liked when you are well."

"Humph! You might have given him a decided negative at once. There are churches enough in the world, and new sects enough, without my squandering money on the fools who want more. The fellow was with you a long time. Why couldn't you get rid of him sooner?"

"He insisted upon showing me plans and a list of subscribers, and he told me a good deal about the church."

"You ought to know how to keep such fellows at a distance. Some swindler, no doubt. And he was with you nearly an hour, according to Podmore."

"Shall I read you the city article, Uncle Trenchard?" asks Sybil, anxious to end this embarrassing discussion.

She seats herself a little way behind Mr. Trenchard's chair, well in the shadow.

"Yes, you can read, but come nearer the lamp, child; it makes me uncomfortable to know that you are straining your eyes in the dark there."

Sibyl obeys reluctantly, fearing that the traces of agitation may still disfigure her countenance. Luckily the lamp has a velvet shade which casts the light on the paper in her hand, and not on the face bending over it.

Mr. Trenchard scans her curiously, notwithstanding. His suspicions have been aroused by that evening visitor—a handsome young man, according to Podmore, a lover, perhaps, and that story of the Krampston church all a fable. Mr. Trenchard has employed too much fiction in the course of his own career to be easily deluded by a figment of the female brain.

He says nothing, however, content to suspect, and to keep his suspicions to himself for the present.

He languishes for some days more under the burden of what Dr. Mitsand calls a slight bronchial attack, and in about a week is able to come down stairs again, and seems almost as active and alert as ever, Sybil thinks, wondering whether there is really any foundation for that idea about his "breaking up."

Dr. Mitsand is Mr. Trenchard's medical attendant. It is not to be supposed that the precious life of a millionaire could be trusted to poor little Dr. Faunthorpe, who has the care of the parish, and goes his rounds in a positively disreputable pony-carriage. Dr. Mitsand's neat single brougham and fine pair of bay cobs constitute a perpetual evidence of his respectability and his skill. If he were not a clever doctor, how could he afford those cobs?

"Wonderful constitution, your uncle's, Miss Faunthorpe," says Dr. Mitsand, cheerily, on the occasion of his last professional visit. "Quite set up again, you see; complexion clearer, eye brighter, liver in better order. I congratulate you upon having an uncle who ought to live as long as Lyndhurst or Brougham."

Sibyl tries to look glad, but her heart sinks at the thought that this fine constitution of her uncle's places the hope of reunion with Alexis very far off.

"What a miserable situation mine must be when such horrid thoughts are forced upon me!" she reflects. "I almost wish I were Marion, dawdling away life in that old house at the bottom of the town, without a care!"

Sibyl's cares are rendered heavier just at this time by the marked attentions of Sir Wilford Candonnel, attentions which, however delightful they might be to her vanity in the beginning of things, have now become hateful to her, the more so as her uncle will not allow her any way of escape from this entanglement. She sees before her the inevitable end in a proposal from Sir Wilford, and her rejection of it, which act of seeming idiocy will doubtless provoke her uncle's anger, perhaps forfeit his good graces forever, and then all her patience, all her pretty little flatteries and gentle ministerings to an irritable old man, will have been wasted. She will have grieved and offended her husband, perhaps alienated his affections for nothing. She will be bankrupt both ways. These possibilities occur to her mind sometimes. Difficulties crowd upon her and hem her in on every side. The dread of Sir Wilford taking that decisive step, which he evidently intends to take sooner or later, and asking her to be his wife, is always before her; and she has another ever-present fear in the thought that Alexis may re-appear at any moment and reveal himself to Stephen Trenchard. There are hours of her life in which she feels sorely tempted to run away from wealth as she ran away from poverty, and it is possible that if she had known where to find her husband she would have acted upon this impulse. But he has vanished out of her existence. In the fear and confusion of that brief visit of his she did not even ask his place of abode or mode of life.

Prudence, and that deep-rooted worship of wealth which is sometimes engendered by a long apprenticeship to poverty, keep Sibyl constant to the task of her daily difficulties despite these occasional longings for escape. She contrives by a certain distance of manner, which is in no wise ungracious, to defer Sir Wilford's declaration of his passion. The bluff and genial baronet is as shy as a girl in the presence of the woman he loves, and so long as he can enjoy Sibyl's society, is in no hurry to precipitate matters. Small as are the tokens of favor which she has bestowed upon him, Sir Wilford has no apprehension of being refused by her when it shall please him to ask the fateful question. He is too good a match for the possibility of a refusal. It does not enter into his notion of possibilities that he, Sir Wilford Candonnel of the How, could be rejected by any woman out of the peerage. He is kept at a distance by Sibyl's coldness, but in no wise disheartened.

"I'm in no hurry, you know," he says to himself. "I like to know something about a woman before I ask her to be my wife. I should like to make sure she cared a little about me in a quiet way. So many women have thrown themselves at my head that I like this one all the better for not going so fast. More likely to be a good stayer, I should think. I don't want to win with a rush. I'd rather take my time, and come in quietly." Thus muses Sir Wilford in the solitude of his study—a room chiefly devoted to treatises on the turf and farriery, whips, single-sticks, gloves, favorite bits and bridles, a small menagerie of stuffed dogs, from Sebastian, the favorite old hound, defunct at a ripe old age, blind of one eye and short of one ear, to Mite, the smallest terrier ever seen in the West Riding, a minute white animal, with pointed pink paws, and a strong likeness to a rat.

"I ought to see more of her," thinks Sir Wilford. "It's no use asking her and the old party to dinner, or dining with them. I shall never make the running that way. I feel as strange with her when I haven't seen her for a week or two as if I'd only just been introduced to her. It's like beginning an acquaintance over again. I must make Phœbe ask them here to stay. That 'll be the best plan. A week in the same house with her will show me what kind of girl she is, better than a twelve months' morning calling and dining."

And having made up his mind, Sir Wilford is not slow to act upon his decision.

"Hi, Jess, old lady!" he calls to his favorite, a splendid red setter, graceful and lady-like enough in her habits to be admitted as a house-dog, though not without protest from Phœbe. Jess vanquishes Miss Candonnel's objections by pretending to adore her, is as artful as a court favorite, and has as many perquisites.

Sir Wilford goes straight to the morning room, where his two sisters employ themselves industriously between breakfast and luncheon writing innumerable letters, examining the housekeeper's weekly accounts, the head gardener's book, and other household volumes, working point-lace, practicing classic sonatas which reduce them to the verge of lunacy, and making winter clothing for their various pensioners.

Christmas is just over, and the Christmas gayeties and benevolences done with. It is the beginning of the new year—fine healthy weather—the ground not too hard for horses or hounds, and Sir Wilford in good humor with the arrangement of things.

"Well, Phœbe, who are you going to ask for the Tilberry steeple-chase?" he inquires, as Miss Candonnel looks up from her desk, where she is just declaring herself to remain her dearest Cecilia's ever-affectionate friend—Cecilia being the fifth dearest friend she has addressed that morning.

Tilberry steeple-chase is an important fixture in this part of the world.

It is a race at which gentlemen jockeys disport themselves. It comes in the winter, when out-door amusements are rare. Altogether, Tilberry steeple-chase is a benefaction.

"I've written the last of my invitations this morning," replies Phœbe, who is somewhat inclined to forget that she is the prime minister and not the king, and to commit herself to important measures without the preliminary formula of consultation with her sovereign. "I have asked General and Mrs. MacTower and Belinda—the eldest, you know—and I thought we ought to be civil to the Vicar of Redcastle for once in a way, so I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Chasuble, and the son. He won't make much difference, and you can put him in the barracks."

The barracks is a range of small bedrooms over the offices, devoted to bachelor visitors of indistinction.

"Very well. I've no objection to the Chasubles. Who else?"

"The Radnors and the Vernons, and Cecilia Hawtree."

"Too many women," says Sir Wilford.

"Cecilia is my particular friend," remarks Miss Candonnel, with dignity.

"Oh, well, let her come."

"She is coming the day after to-morrow," observes Miss Candonnel. "I have just written to say I shall send the omnibus to meet her."

"What the dooce can one young woman want with a family bus, built to carry ten?" exclaims Sir Wilford.

"She will have her maid," replies Miss Candonnel, "and her luggage."

"Ah, boxes enough to load a goods train, I dare say," mutters Sir Wilford. "Well, that's all your list, I suppose?"

"Yes, Wilford."

"Then I'll give you mine."

"Do you want to ask any one else?" exclaims Miss Candonnel, with an injured air. "I fancied I had thought of every one you would have cared about asking."

"You've thought of a good many I don't care about."

"But, my dear Wilford, I don't see how I can possibly ask any more. I've filled all the best bedrooms."

"Then you must empty some of them. I want you to ask Colonel and Mrs. Stormont, and that son of theirs, on the gray."

"But, Wilford, Mrs. Stormont is such a horrid old person—so pushing."

"Never mind that. We often have horrid old persons."

"And the son—I don't know what he's like off that gray, but he's utterly odious on it."

"Stupid young cad, rather, but good fun. Be sure you tell him to bring the gray."

"Why should we have the Stormonts to stay with us, Wilford?" demands Lavinia, the younger sister, looking up from an easel upon which she has been copying a fruit piece, and fondly deluding herself with the idea that she can paint. "It's all very well to ask them to dinner once in a way, or to a garden party, but why have them in the house?"

"Simply because I wish it, Vinnie. I don't often indulge in whims. Say that this is one, if you like."

"Oh, of course, if you really wish it. But I think it's rather a dangerous precedent," replies Phœbe. "All the Redcastle people will be expecting to be asked to stay here."

"The butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers. Well, they can go down to their graves in a state of expectation," says Sir Wilford; "and now, Phœbe, I want you to write a particularly nice letter—cordial and all that kind of thing, you know—to Miss Faunthorpe, asking her and Mr. Trenchard over for the race week."

"I ought to have known that was coming," said Phœbe.

"Well, naturally, I shouldn't be civil to the Stormonts without a motive. Mrs. Stormont introduced me to Miss Faunthorpe, you see, and I shouldn't like the old lady to think I'd make a cat's-paw of her."

Phœbe is inwardly rebellious, but too wise to revolt outward. She has seen the sun set on her twenty-ninth birthday, and has been mistress of the How and the sole sovereign domestic power for the last ten years. It will be a hard thing to lay down her sceptre, to retire from that lordly dwelling-place, and to become Miss Candonnel of nowhere in particular. A young lady whose non-success in the matrimonial line sympathizing friends will lament over. And Phœbe feels that the day when her sceptre must be so resigned is not very far off, now that Wilford, who has his father's obstinate temper, poor dear fellow, has taken this ridiculous fancy to this Miss Faunthorpe, a mere nobody, with nothing but a pretty face and a rich uncle to recommend her to notice.

Sir Wilford waits while his sister writes the letter of invitation, which she is obliged to make much warmer in tone than inclination would prompt, the baronet looking over her shoulder all the while.

When the letter is in its envelope, he surprises Phœbe by taking it from her and putting it in his pocket.

"I am going over to Redcastle this afternoon," he says, "so I can deliver the letter and bring you back an answer. I should like you to give Miss Faunthorpe the tapestry room."

"My dear Wilford, what are you thinking of, when I have ever so many married couples coming? I must put her in one of the small rooms in the Kneller gallery."

"Oh, very well," replies Sir Wilford. "She'll have the pick of the rooms, perhaps, some of these days. Hi, Jess, old woman!"

With which awful threat Sir Wilford withdraws, leaving his sisters free to discuss the calamity that hovers over their house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We had occasion a year ago to notice the excellent review by Dr. Winchell of the meteorology and physical geography of the State of Michigan and the lakes bordering it. A similarly valuable work has recently appeared, from the pen of Dr. John M. Toner, of Washington, entitled "A Contribution to the Medical History and Physical Geography of Maryland." Dr. Toner's address, in its published form, is accompanied with numerous notes and references, and especially interesting charts showing the profiles of various sections of Maryland, illustrating their different topographical features. These profiles are based upon all the knowledge made available to him by surveys for railroads and other public works, as well as by the labors of the Coast Survey. He states that about one-tenth of the area of the State is covered with water, mostly salt-water, which proportion no doubt contributes largely to moderate the extremes of temperature that occasionally visit other localities lying in the same latitude. The level tide-water region enjoys a mild climate, while the elevated western portion is rugged and mountainous, with a corresponding lower temperature and a bracing air. The mean annual temperature for the year for the southern counties is four degrees warmer than that of Baltimore or Washington; and throughout the middle counties of the "Eastern" and "Western" shores the mean annual temperature is two degrees milder than it is at Baltimore. The data for compiling a complete hypsometric map of Maryland have been collected by Professor Alexander; and from a discussion of all the available facts bearing upon the question, Dr. Toner estimates that from eighty to one hundred feet would be a fair average elevation for the whole Western Shore. This section is especially infested by malaria, and he thinks it would be a fair estimate to place the loss of time from sickness solely attributable to malaria sustained by each laborer throughout this portion of Maryland at an average of ten or fifteen days in the year, or one-half of one per cent.; while the whole population suffers a depression of vital forces that is a serious drawback to the success of the enterprises of the country. He recommends the thorough survey of the State in respect to the healthiness and unhealthiness of special regions, which survey should lead to the suggestion of measures for abating such stagnant ponds and other hotbeds of miasma as will tend to the increase of the salubrity and wealth of the neighborhoods. Malaria is not found any where in Maryland at an elevation of over one thousand feet; and the sanitary advantages of several of the regions elevated from two to three thousand feet above the sea are especially dwelt upon by Dr. Toner.

Advices from H. M. Stanley, the leader of the expedition of the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*, have been received up to the 15th of March, written from the village of Kagehyi, on the Victoria Nyanza. The lake was reached after a march of 720 miles from the coast, made in 103 days. Very great hardships were experienced, more than half the party having been lost by disease or in fighting with the natives. The account gives details in regard to the country and the people from Western Ugogo northward to Nyanza, and a survey having been made of over a thousand miles of the shores of the lake, which is apparently studded with islands.

The Shemeeyu River, which Stanley considers the chief tributary of the Nyanza, enters the lake at the village of Kagehyi, and was estimated to be 350 miles in length. At 400 miles from the coast he came upon the base of the watershed of a number of streams which feed the river, and which Stanley regards as one of the sources of the Nile. The height of the Nyanza above the sea-level is 3740 feet, 68 feet higher than Speke made it. He also made several corrections on Speke's observations in regard to latitudes.

Dr. Hector, at the recent meeting of the British Association, gave a very interesting account of the occurrence of moa bones in New Zealand, under this name including the various species of fossil giant birds, whether of the dinornis, harpagornis, or others. These remains are sometimes found on the surface, sometimes in caves; generally, however, in the open and low scrub, and not in the region occupied now or formerly by the primeval forests. In the subalpine portion of the south of New Zealand, covered only with a slight vegetation, large quantities of well-preserved moa remains have been recently found, associated with relics of the natives, proving still more conclusively than heretofore that they served as food to the inhabitants, and that they were a favorite object of pursuit.

The occurrence of large numbers of the bones together is thought to be due to the fact that the animals were crowded by the firing of the brush by the Maoris. They are also discovered in the swamps and peat bogs in almost all the valleys leading to the coast. One of these was at Glenmark, where the remains of a terrace, at a higher level, had been cut through by a stream, leaving a large deposit on the shoulders of the hills on both sides. Here great numbers of bones were found without any Maori implements, indicating as many as 1700 individuals that had either been carried down and smothered in the floods or had died naturally and been carried down by the water. Similar deposits occurred in caves and in bogs on the coast exposed below high-water mark, showing that there had been comparatively modern submersion; but there were no marine deposits above.

These bones were also found wherever the country was favorable for the Maori camps, on the sheltered grassy plots, or among the neighboring sand hills. Here they were associated with the cooking hollows and with stone implements similar to those now used by the aborigines.

In caves the moa bones were found resting on the stalactitic shelves, and probably came there by falling through the upper chasms, or by being washed in by the water, as is now the case with the remains of the sheep. The earliest traces of the moa bones were at Poverty Bay, in the form of foot-marks, in a soft pumice sandstone six or eight inches from the surface. Dr. Hector does not consider the moa to be of the tertiary age, the supposed bones from such deposits, in his opinion, belonging to a gigantic extinct penguin.

Among the most remarkable zoological phenomena of the Pacific Ocean may be mentioned the periodical annual occurrence at a regular date, in immense numbers, of a marine worm, known as the palolo (*Palola viridis*), which appears in immense numbers in the vicinity of Samoa regularly at the time of the moon's last quarter in October or November. Its occurrence is eagerly looked for by the natives, who collect it in enormous amount and devour it greedily, both in a fresh state and also prepared in such a manner as to keep it for some time. From a paper by Mr. Whitmee, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1875, we learn that the two sexes are of different colors, and thus readily distinguishable, and that both males and females break up into a great number of small fragments, from which the eggs and the milt escape, so as to produce the necessary fertilization. Some idea of the abundance of this worm at the season in question may be gathered from the fact that the sea becomes quite of a milky appearance during this operation.

The second number of the *Scientific Monthly Magazine*, devoted to the natural sciences, and edited by E. H. Fitch, of Toledo, has just made its appearance, and embraces several interesting articles, original and selected, upon ethnology and general natural history.

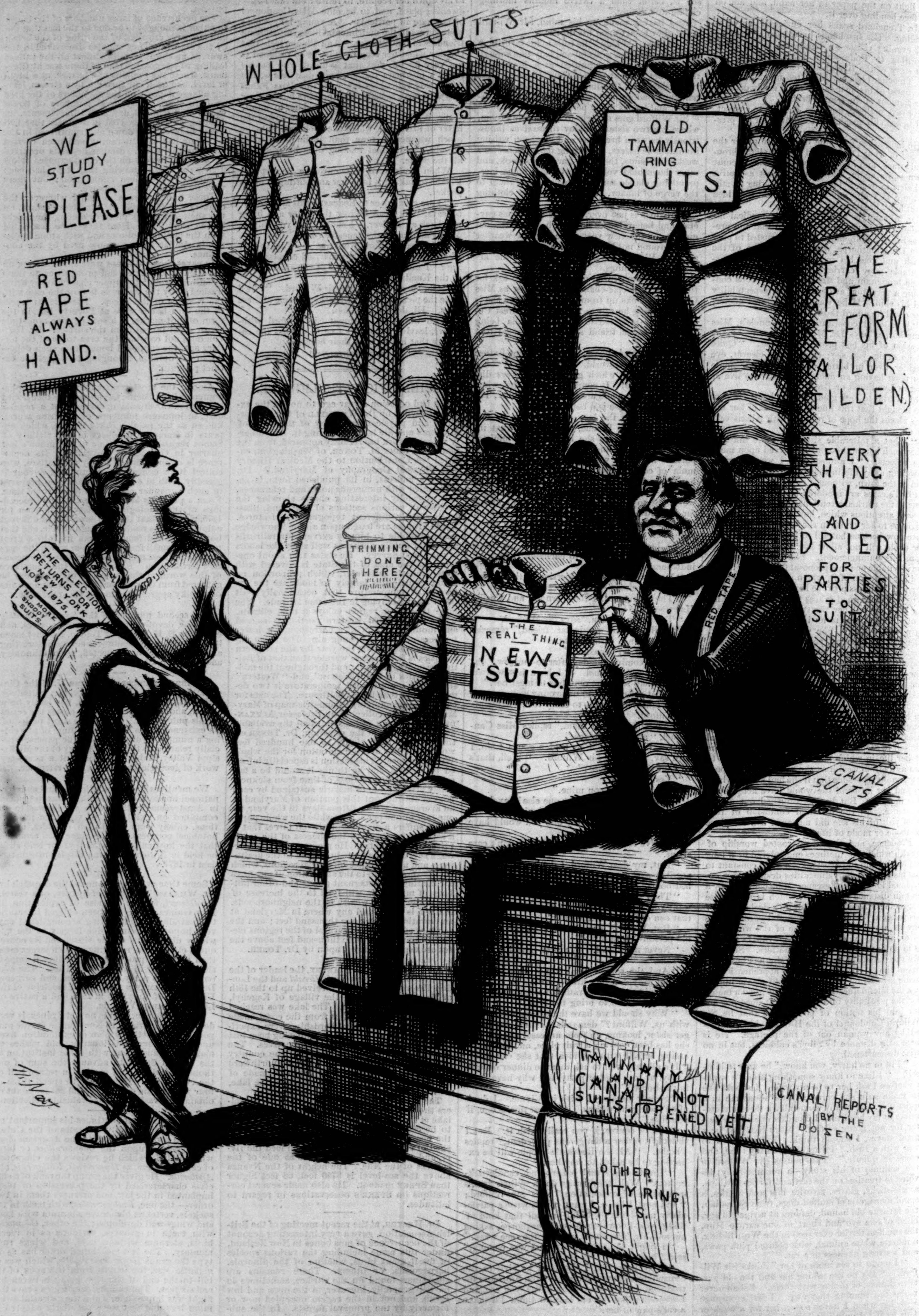
The fourth number of Volume II. of the Cincinnati *Quarterly Journal of Science*, edited by S. A. Miller and L. M. Hosea, has lately been issued, and, we regret to learn, closes the series of this publication. During the short period of its existence it has been the medium of presenting a number of original scientific papers, especially relating to the paleontology of the Mississippi Valley, which will render it a necessary work of geological and zoological reference.

We mentioned some months ago that an international horticultural exhibition was to be held in Amsterdam in 1876, with which was to be combined an exhibition of vegetable productions, chiefly from the Dutch colonies, and a botanical congress. It has since been arranged that the horticultural exhibition for 1876 shall be held in Brussels, and the display in Amsterdam in 1877.

Some time ago we announced the dispatch by Mr. William Macleay, of Sydney, of a vessel, the *Chevert*, for the purpose of exploration in New Guinea. This has been obliged to return to Australia without having accomplished any very important results, due largely to the unwieldy dimensions of the vessel and its consequent clumsiness, requiring a much larger crew than had been provided, and making it impossible to anchor in suitable localities. The *Chevert* had in its party, as naturalist and surgeon, Dr. W. H. James, a graduate in medicine of the University of Maryland in 1872, and a native of Loudon County, Virginia.

This gentleman, who is now at Sydney, is very desirous of returning to New Guinea for the purpose of completing a plan of exploration fixed upon with some missionaries, and wishes to make an arrangement with some institution in the United States to advance the sum of one thousand dollars, and receive in return half of the collections. He expects to spend three or four years in the enterprise, and has no doubt of obtaining a vast number of valuable collections.

Professor Marsh continues his important articles upon the fossil vertebrates of the United States in a paper, printed in the *American Journal of Science*, upon the *Odontornithes*, or birds with teeth, in which he reviews the characters of certain genera, as *Hesperornis*, *Ichthyornis*, and *Apatornis*. He gives the group the rank of a subclass characterized by the possession of teeth implanted in the jaw, and arranges them in two orders—the one, *Ichthyornithes*, with teeth in the sockets, vertebræ biconcave, sternum with keel, and wings well developed; the other, *Odontolcæ*, with teeth in grooves, vertebræ as in recent birds, sternum without keel, and wings rudimentary. The last-mentioned order has as its type the genus *Hesperornis regalis*, which was of gigantic size, the length from the apex of the bill to the end of the toes being between five and six feet. The rudimentary wings prove that flight was impossible, while the powerful swimming legs and feet were peculiarly adapted to rapid motion through the water. The tail appears to have been much expanded horizontally, as in the beaver, and doubtless was an efficient aid in diving, perhaps compensating for the want of wings, which the penguins use with so much effect in swimming under water.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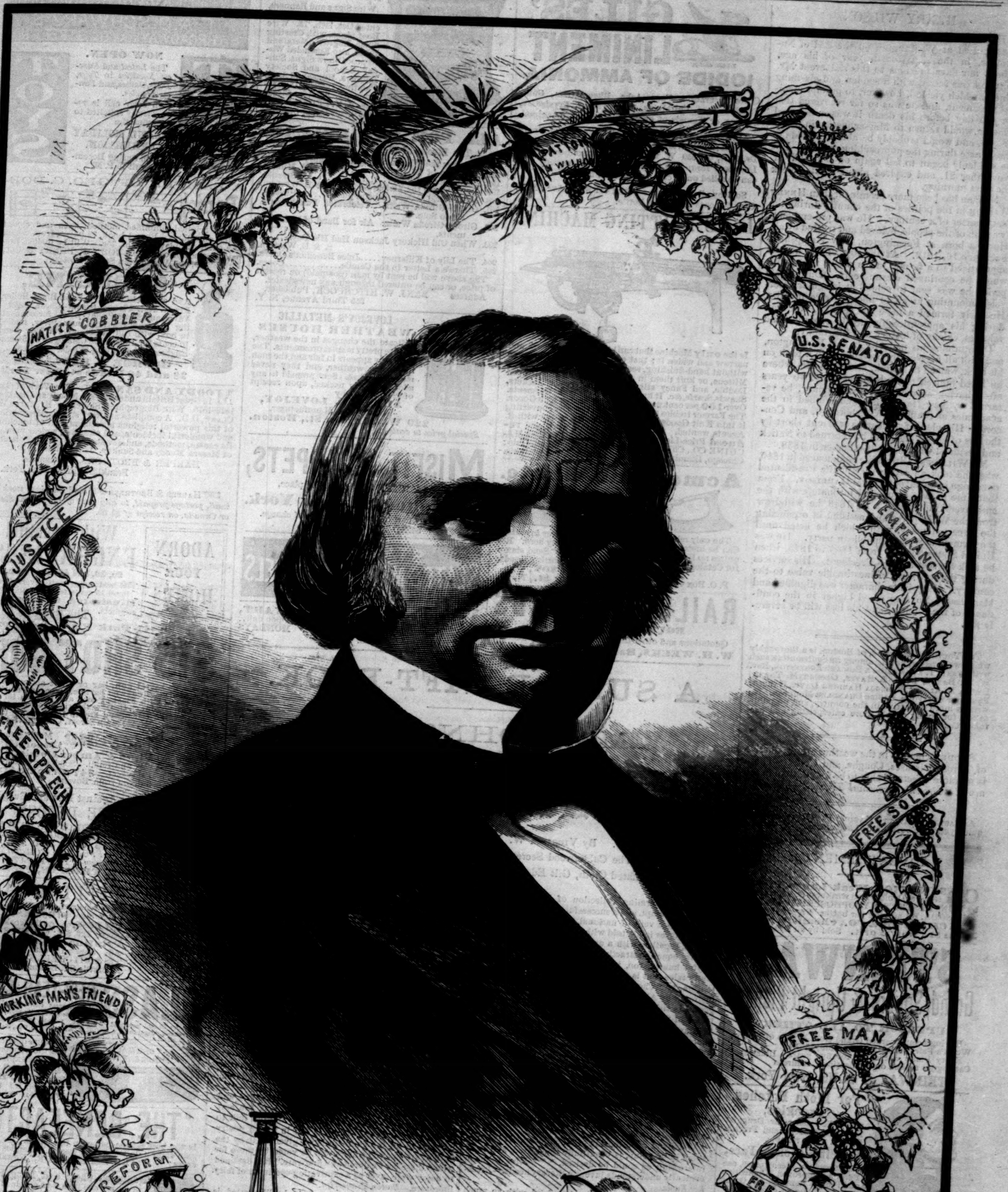
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HENRY WILSON.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 990.]

HENRY WILSON.

Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, died at Washington on the 22d of November, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. About ten days previous to this sad event Mr. Wilson was seized with a sudden and alarming illness, which yielded, however, to prompt medical treatment, and he was so far recovered that on the day before his death it was announced that he would return to Massachusetts in a day or two, and would probably be able to preside in the Senate during the approaching session. But he suddenly began to fail again on the night of November 21, and expired about eight o'clock the next morning.

No man has been more prominent than Henry Wilson in the politics of the country during the last quarter of a century. He was pre-eminently a man of the people, beloved and trusted by all. He was born at Farmington, New Hampshire, February 16, 1812. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a farmer in his native town, with whom he continued eleven years. During this period he was sent to school at irregular intervals, amounting in all to about twelve months. He early formed a taste for reading, and read during his apprenticeship nearly one thousand volumes, chiefly of history and biography.

On attaining his majority he left Farmington, and with all his worldly possessions in a pack on his back, walked to Natick, Massachusetts, where he hired himself to a shoe-maker. Two years after, having accumulated some money, he returned to New Hampshire, and studied in the academies at Stafford, Wolfsborough, and Concord. His plan of education was cut short by the loss of his savings, and he returned to Natick and resumed work as a shoe-maker in 1838.

Mr. Wilson's political life commenced in 1840, when he took an active part in the Presidential campaign in behalf of General Harrison. From that time he was associated intimately with the antislavery movement. In 1848 he withdrew from the Whig party and assisted in organizing the Free-soil party, with which he acted until the formation of the Republican party. He was United States Senator from 1855 to 1873, when he took his seat as Vice-President. His services during the war were of inestimable value to the country. His private character was dignified and blameless. No man stood higher in the confidence of the country, and his loss will be severely felt.

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, is a thoroughly wide-awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as J. T. Trowbridge, Edward Eggleston, Rev. W. M. Baker, Dr. I. I. Hayes, George M. Towle, Louisa M. Alcott, Rebecca Harding Davis, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.—[*Com.*]

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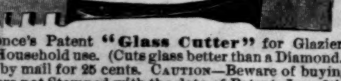

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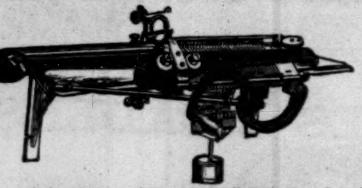

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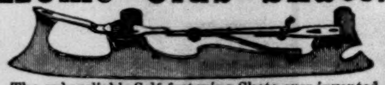

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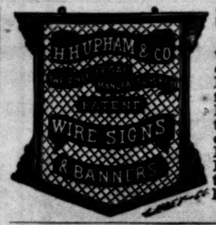

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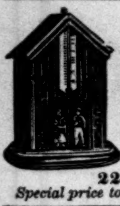

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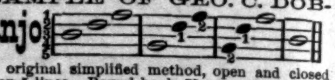

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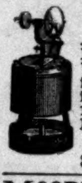

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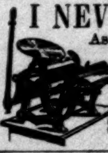

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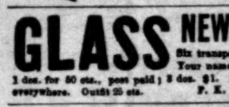

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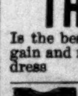

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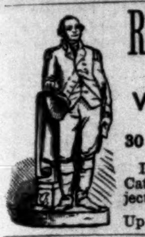

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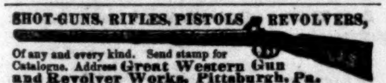

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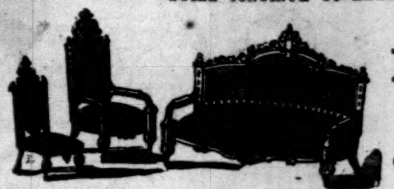

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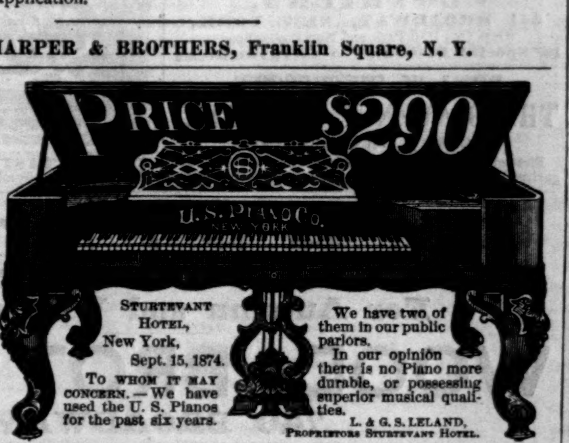

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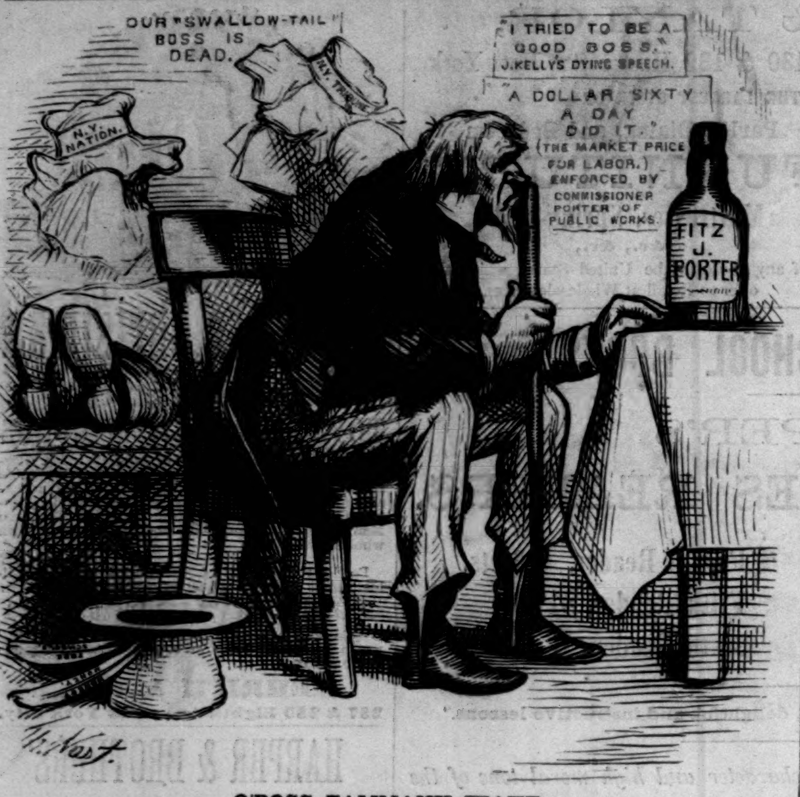
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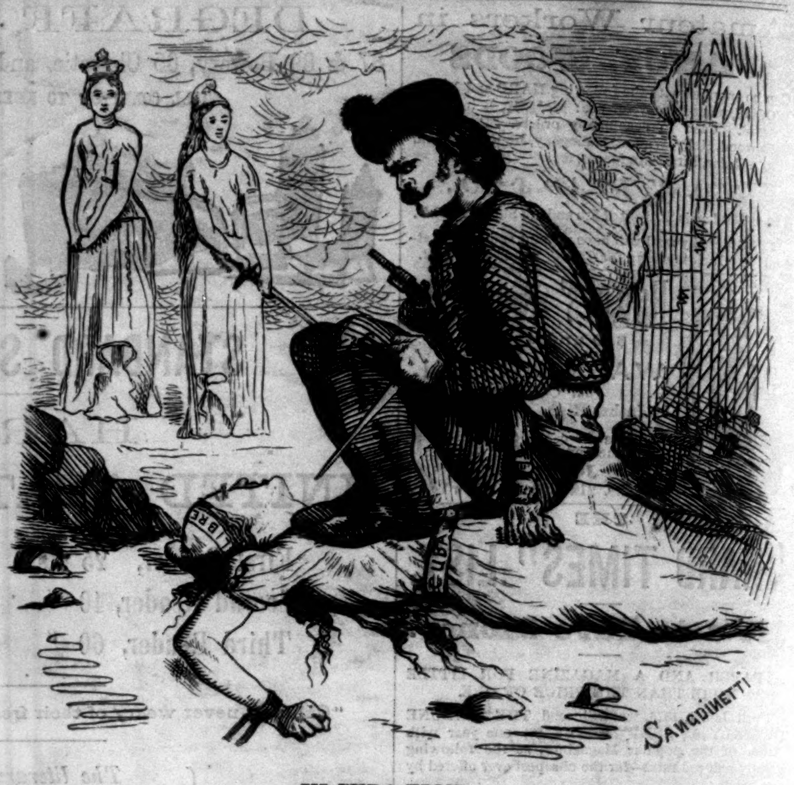

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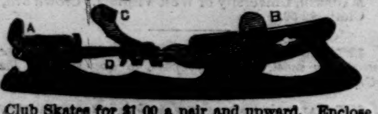

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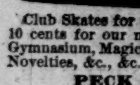

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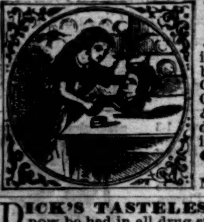

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VI.—(*Continued.*)

MY MOTHER BELIEVES SHE SEES A GHOST.

MECHANICALLY I looked toward the window. The snow was coming down thick and fast. I went to the door and opened it, my mother following me, still with her hands upon me. White surfaces, pure and unstained, met my eye whichever way I turned. The virgin covering imparted a rare loveliness to the prospect. The white outlines of the shells which formed the dear device of "Beecroft, Mariner," above our cottage window were delicately quaint and beautiful, and the memories associated with the sign, and the cold wind blowing upon my hot skin, calmed me somewhat. But still I seemed to be moving in a dream. I turned my eyes to my mother's face, and saw that it was as white as the falling snow.

"Come in and rest," she pleaded. "Wait till the morning, Amos; then I will tell you all."

"Wait till the morning!" I echoed, with a laugh which sounded strangely in my ears, it was so harsh and bitter. Heaven knows I had no cause for merriment. "Wait till the morning! That is good counsel at such a time as this! No; love calls me elsewhere, and I must go. If there is any thing to tell, tell it quickly, and without further paltering. I can scarcely believe it is my mother who is speaking to me, bidding me linger here, while love is tugging at my heart-strings; or has she forgotten that I have a wife, and perhaps a child—"

I felt my mother's form sliding from me, and I caught her in time to prevent her falling to the ground.

"Keep your senses about you," I muttered roughly between my clinched teeth, "if you do not wish me to go mad before your eyes! It can not be that you are purposely torturing me, and yet you can not know what I am suffering. Great God!" I cried, staggering at the agony of the thought, "is Mabel dead?"

"No, my son," she said, faintly, "not to my knowledge."

A sob of thankfulness escaped me.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed. "Then what cause is there for this mystery? Mother, did you hear what I said just now? Am I a father?"

"Amos—"

"Answer me in one word."

"Mabel is a mother, my son."

"And my child lives!"

"When I last heard of Mabel the child was alive."

I placed my mother in a chair, and covered my eyes with my hands. All doubt, all fear, was gone. Then, kneeling by my mother's side, I said, in a tone tremulous from joy, while the happy tears ran down my face,

"I must go to them at once, mother. What would you have thought if, when my own dear father, your husband, came home, never having seen his son, he had dallied with the time, as I am doing now, instead of hastening to your side to embrace you and your child? Ah, be just to me—and to Mabel! Can you imagine that I am not hungering for a sight of *my* child and my darling wife? Ah, you have filled my heart with joy! Remember what we said to each other when I was last at home. There is no happiness without love—none. It is true! it is true! The world would be a hell if love did not exist in it. It is heaven to me now. So you see that I must go without a moment's delay. Be happy till I return. I will run back soon, and tell you that all is well. Nay, do not fear for me, mother. I will be cautious with Mabel; I will take care that I do not frighten her; though it would be a thousand times better if you would go in first and break the news gently to her. Are you equal to it? Will you render this service to the son that loves you as I love you, my old mother—will you be strong for my sake? You will—I know you will! Here—here is your bonnet and shawl. Never mind the snow; I'll carry you through it. I'm strong enough to carry two such fond, foolish mothers, and never feel the weight. I have a child—thank God, I have a child! Come, mother, hasten, hasten, or I must go without you."

She made no movement in response to my appeal. The bonnet and shawl I had thrust into her hand fell to the ground.

"Gracious Lord!" I heard her murmur, "how shall I tell him? How shall I break the news to him?"

A film came into my eyes, and all my fears returned with terrible force. In another moment my mood had changed.

"Mother," I said, in a savage, impatient tone, "in the name of my dead father, I command you to speak plainly to me!"

"Oh, Amos, my son," she asked, with infinite tenderness and pity, "are you strong enough to bear it?"

"Go on. My wife—"

"Was not worthy of you, was not worthy of my son! Ah, me!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "Why did I bring her into this house? But she was a child then, and I thought her innocent and pure."

A strange calmness came upon me.

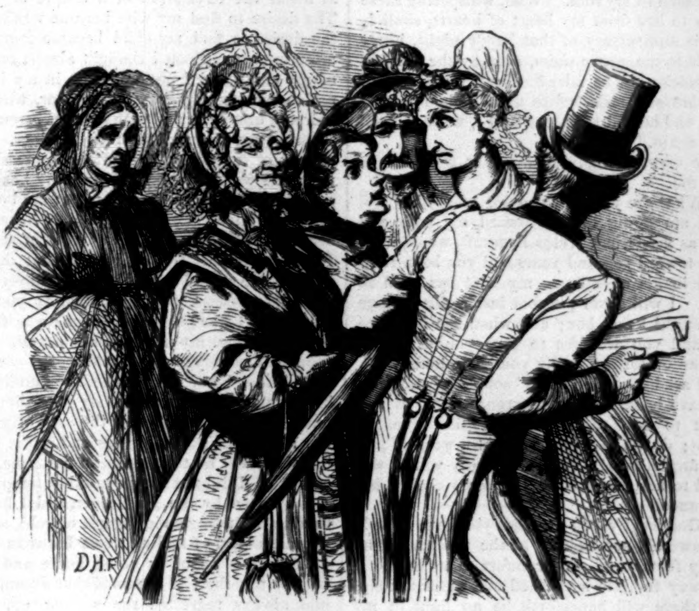
"If you do not wish me to curse the tongue that casts a doubt upon my wife's purity, be silent, and speak not another word. Ay, if an angel on this holy Christmas night said to me what you have said, I would curse him as he stood before me. I am going now to Mabel's house."

I made for the door, but my mother strove to hinder me from my purpose, crying,

"Stop, for mercy's sake, Amos! Your wife is not there."

"I'll see for myself," I muttered, doggedly. "I'll give neither Mabel nor my child cause to throw reproaches in my teeth for lack of faith or love. I'll stop to hear no more enigmas."

I walked swiftly through the snow to Mabel's house, looking neither to the right nor the left. It might have been the brightest summer's night, instead of the bleakest and dreariest, for all the notice I took of it. I knocked loudly at the door, and almost immediately more loudly still, in my impatience; and presently I received a rough greeting in a voice that was strange to me. A dog in the back garden began also to bark furiously, and I heard him tearing at his chain.



"HE HAD A LETTER IN HIS HAND."

"Who's there?" cried a man from the window above, which had been partially raised.

"It is I, Amos Beecroft," I answered, bewildered by the strange voice.

"Interesting to you, doubtless," said the man, "but not so to me. If you, Amos Beecroft, don't take yourself off instantly, I'll let loose the dog and rouse the police. You've mistaken the house, my man."

"One moment," I cried—"one moment, for pity's sake! You seem not to know my name—"

"I do not."

"I am a sea-faring man, and have just arrived home after an absence of three years. I was supposed to be drowned—"

"What is that to me?"

"Nothing, I know. But listen," I implored, for the window rattled as though he were about to close it in my face. "My wife shared the general impression, and believes that I am dead. I have only just come home, do you hear? My wife lived in this cottage when I left. I have come here to see her—"

I had no strength to proceed further.

"That may or may not be," was the reply. "But I am the owner of this house now, and have occupied it for a year and a half, and no woman lives with me. Women! I have had enough of women! A false, brazen lot! You've got your answer, and be off with you! No wife of yours or any man's lives in this place, nor shall while I am in it."

The window was slammed to violently, and I was left, dazed and bewildered, alone in the wintry night. There was no doubting the truth of the man's words, and I walked slowly back in the direction of our cottage of shells with a sort of dumb despair settling upon me. Midway I met my mother, who had toiled after me through the heavy snow. She was panting for breath, and looked inexpressibly sad and woe-begone, but I had no pity for her—indeed, no feeling whatever with respect to her. I was absorbed in my own grief and amazement at this unexpected shattering of my cherished hopes. I took her arm, and led her back to her home. No word passed between us on the way. She glanced up at me many times timidly, pityingly, imploringly; but if her features had been carved in stone, her entreating looks could not have made less impression upon me. How bleak and drear the night had grown! The wind chilled me to the marrow, and I trod the white snow with sullen steps. It suited my mood to tear and deface it as I walked. What beauty for me was there now in the unstained carpet? I took a savage pleasure in marring its purity, and I dragged my feet through it vindictively, as though it were my enemy, and could feel the wounds I was inflicting upon it. In this way, and in perfect silence, we reached the cottage of shells.

"Sit there," I said, sternly, to my mother, pointing to a chair.

She sat down obediently.

"Now," said I, in a hard tone, "tell me every thing plainly, and let no tenderness for me induce you to put a false color upon what you have to say, and I must hear. Speak the truth without reservation, as you would on your death-bed. If you value my love, do exactly as I bid you."

I turned my face from her, and stood thus while she told her story, keeping a strong restraint upon myself, steeling myself, as it might be, and speaking only necessary words, though it was hard to do; but you who have sustained heart-shocks will understand my feelings and what torture I endured during the recital.

VII.

I GO TO THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD TO SEEK MY WIFE AND CHILD.

"THE neighbors," said my mother, "began to talk soon after you went away. Before that they always spoke well of you, but now their tongues were all against you. I couldn't make it out, and I quarreled with them for slandering you. And when they told me you had a wife in another country, I threw the lie into their teeth, and asked them how dared they set their tongues to it. 'Oh, we know what sailors are!' they said; 'and your son's no better than the rest.' Then it began to be whispered about—how shall I tell you? how shall I tell you?—it began to be whispered about that you had laid a base plot to ruin Mabel's character; and those I quarreled with—I did not use gentle words to them, you may depend—became more bitter than ever, and said worse and worse things. I came upon some of the backbiters one day, and saw Mr. Druce among them—"

I held my breath; I had been waiting to hear his name.

"—But he walked away, and would have nothing to say to me. He had a letter in his hand, which, I think, he had been reading to them. It got into my mind somehow that he was the mischief-maker, and I went to his office the next day, and asked him about it. There was a boy in the office, and I had no sooner commenced than Mr. Druce sent him for a policeman. 'Your son's a low-bred scoundrel,' he said to me, 'and I'll be the ruin of him and you.' There was no one by but us two when he said that, and though I knew I had no business to be in his place, and was frightened of the policeman coming, I answered that you would make him smart for his words when you came home, and that he was a mean creature to try and take away the character of a young woman. 'A pretty thing you are,' he cried, 'to speak of taking away a woman's character! Let Amos Beecroft deny that he was seen, while Mabel's mother was away, breaking into her house late at night, when no one was about.' 'He'll deny breaking into the house,' I said, 'but he'll not deny the rest. He had the key of the place, and Mabel stopped with me, to escape being insulted by a wretch she despised.' He got furious at this, and I don't know what more would have been said, for a policeman came in just then, and I was turned out of the office, Mr. Druce telling me to be thankful that I wasn't taken to the police-court. I thought I should have died, Amos. I am getting old, and I have had a long, long illness—"

Her voice faltered, and her tears compelled her to pause.

I bit my lips and dug my nails into my hands to keep myself from sympathizing with her. I knew if I did so that she would break down, and she had not yet come to that part of the story which I burned, yet dreaded, to hear. Life and death hung upon her words.

"But where was Mabel all this time?" I said, coldly. "She was at home to give this man the lie."

"No," answered my mother; "the day after you left, Mabel went into the country to her mother, and I did not see her for a great many weeks. I have lost count of the time, Amos, but it must have been quite three months before I saw her, and then I did not see her to speak to. Before she came back all the mischief had been done, and I was not on good terms with a single soul in the neighborhood. I can't tell you how unhappy I was, all alone as I was, and with my son that I loved so far away. Well, one night I happened to hear that Mabel and her mother were at home, and, without waiting a moment, I ran to the house—"

She paused again, and passed her hands across her eyes, striving to recall something which had slipped her memory. I did not help her by a word; even when she held her trembling hands imploringly toward me, appealing to me by that action for even the slightest sign of encouragement, I made no movement. There was no room in my heart for compassion at that time. She continued, but in a weaker and more uncertain voice than before.

"Forgive me, Amos," she said, humbly, "but it is hard for me to remember what came after that. You will know why presently, and then perhaps you will pity me. I went to the house, and saw Mabel's mother outside. Amos, she waited till I got close up to her, and then turned her back upon me, and slammed the door in my face. At that, of course, I went away all of a tremble, thinking that Mabel would come to me. I stopped at home till ten o'clock at night, but Mabel didn't come. I didn't know what to think. I couldn't make out the reason of her keeping away: she ought to have run to me the moment she came home—*you* know that, Amos. If she had loved you—"

I interrupted her sternly. "Go on with your story, and tell it straight. Never mind what ought to have been done. Let me know what *was* done."

"Waiting for her who should have come, but didn't, was driving me mad, and I couldn't abide it any longer. Late as it was, I went to her house again. They were not abed, as I could tell by the light, and I was going to knock at the door, when, happening to peep through the window, who should I see in the room, with a glass before him, but your enemy and mine, Mr. Druce. Both Mabel and her mother were with him, and they were talking together, as the best of friends might do; and Mr. Druce was sitting there as though he had a right to be in that place, and as though he did not intend to go away in a hurry. Amos, if I could have found heart and strength to knock at the door, I am sure they would have turned me from the house. But I had no thought of any thing or any body but you, my son, away on the seas, while your enemy was laughing and joking with her who should have spit in his face for daring to speak to her! I turned from the window, more like a mad woman than any thing else, intending to come home to our own little cottage here, where we had spent so many happy years; but I was blind with grief, Amos, and I missed my way. To this day I don't know where I got to nor how it happened, but all of a sudden I heard a shouting and screaming, and I was knocked down in the road and run over by a cab. I lost my senses then, and don't know what was done to me that night, nor for many a long, long night afterward. It would have been better for me if I had never risen from my bed, rather than that the son I suckled and worshiped should show me, as he shows me now, that all love for his old mother had gone from his heart!"

The appeal softened me, and, with a sudden impulse of remorse and pity, I took the old mother in my arms. With her head on my shoulder, she sobbed her thanks, and continued her story, calmer now because of this little act of sympathy.

"Amos, my son, I was in the hospital for more than a year, and most of that time I was like a woman in a dream. I was told that for months I didn't know a soul about me, and it was never expected I should rise from my bed. But the Lord was good to me, and I got well slowly—oh, so slowly, Amos! For a long time I could not remember what had taken place, but little by little it came back to me. Then I was told that when I was taken to the hospital they did not know who I was, and that there was nothing in my pocket by which they could have found out my name. They suspected, they said, that I had sailors for my relations, for I talked a great deal about the sea; but that was all they could discover. No one came to see me all the time I was in the hospital, and when I was strong enough they let me go home. When I got back to the cottage I found a neighbor living in it, who thought that I was dead, as I believed you to be before to-night, my dear son. The neighbors had heard nothing of the accident, and they all believed me to be dead; and they came about me, now that I was risen from the grave, as it might be, and those who were hardest upon me before made it up to me in kindness. Then I heard that I had lost my son—that the ship he was in had foundered, and that not a soul in her had been saved. I heard more, my son—shall I tell it?"

"Tell it," I said, steeling my voice.

"Don't blame me, Amos, and bear it like a brave man, for my sake, my dear. I asked after Mabel, and the first thing I heard was that she had a baby. 'Go and bring her,' I said to the neighbors who were about me—'go and bring her and my son's child to me. Tell her I am living, and am yearning to embrace them both.' They looked at one another, and gradually the story came out. Shortly after the news of the loss of *The Blue Jacket* with all hands reached the neighborhood, Mabel and her mother went away."

"Where to? Where is my wife and child?"

"They left England altogether, for Australia; and since then nothing more has been heard of them."

Consternation at this startling news struck me dumb for a time, and my mother was too frightened to break the silence. This night, which in my eager anticipation was to have been filled with joy, had brought desolation and despair to my heart.

"Have you any thing more to say?" I asked, faintly, when I could muster strength to speak. I had to repeat the question before my mother replied, and then the words fell like drops of poison from her lips.

"Amos, Mabel did not go alone."

"You have already told me so. Her mother and my child were with her. My child!" I stretched forth my arms in an agony of disappointment.

"Some one else was with her, my son."

"Who?"

It was long before she replied, and then she said,

"Mr. Druce, your enemy."

The words might have conveyed a doubtful meaning to my sense, but the tone in which they were uttered allowed no room for doubt. My mother believed Mabel to be false to me.

I shook her from me roughly, and stood upon the threshold of the room. The snow floated in, but I did not heed it. I heard my mother's step behind me.

"Stop where you are!" I cried, fiercely. "Don't approach close to me, nor look into my face! You have hardened my heart toward you. It is for me to speak now, and for you to listen. You believe that my wife is unfaithful to me. You, my mother, have said so to me—to my face. It is a lie! Do you hear me? It is a lie!"

My vehemence shook her to the soul.

"You made me speak," she faltered, "as though I were on my death-bed. I have obeyed you, my son—I have obeyed you. Oh, Amos, my heart is breaking!"

"And mine is filled with joy and happiness at what you have told me," I retorted. "A loving mother you have proved yourself to me on this bitter Christmas night!"

"Amos! Amos!" she cried, in an agony of grief. "It is not my fault. I know what you must suffer. I would not dare to tell you what the neighbors said of her—"

"You would not dare," I said, "for I should not stop to hear. It needs no telling; you yourself have made me acquainted with the slanders their false tongues spoke respecting me. Well, you knew them then to be liars, but you were willing enough to listen to them afterward, when their tune was changed. But what does it matter what a lot of gossiping, tittle-tattling women say about a man? He is strong to bear it, and can laugh at them for their pains. And you! well, you could defend me in my absence, but you could find no word in defense of her who is dearer to me than my life—than a hundred lives, if I had them! You hated her from the moment I spoke to you of my love for her. Why did you do so? You threw doubts then upon her goodness, as you have thrown doubts this night upon her purity. If you had done what you should have done when Mabel returned home, if you had gone boldly into her house and spoken to her plainly, all this misery, all this torture, might have been avoided. But you had condemned her in your heart from the first, and were only too willing to believe all the bad things that were said of her. You, a woman who, for my sake, if not for her own, should have defended her, a young and inexperienced girl, from the malicious tongues of slanderers and liars, who were striking at *my* life and *my* happiness, sided with them against her, and had no word to speak in her defense.

"What could have been in Mabel's mind on that happy Christmas night, three years ago, to cause her to win from me a sacred pledge of trustfulness in her faith and love, I can not with certainty say; but some shadow of fear was upon her. Perhaps she suspected you were not her friend; perhaps, with the knowledge that her own mother was against me, she dreaded that circumstances might occur in my absence to cause a breach between us, and she wished to strengthen both herself and me. Anyway, she drew the pledge from me, and she gave me hers, and I believe in her faithfulness with all my soul. 'The harder task of faithfulness is yours,' she said, as she kissed me; and she told me that while I was absent from her she would have three talismans with her—hope, faith, and love. '*I* should never doubt,' she said. 'My love for you and faith in you have become a part of my life.' Listen now to the words I spoke to her; they are graven on my heart: 'Henceforth this good season holds a more sacred place in my heart, because it has brought me the priceless blessing of your love; because, also, of the lesson it has taught me, the lesson of faith, to live forever undimmed in my soul.' Well, whispering these words to her from my heart of hearts, shall I, on this anniversary of that happy night, bitter as it is to me, prove them, even by the shadow of suspicion, to be false? No. Henceforth I have but one task before me. When that is done, and not till then, you and I, mother, shall meet again."

She crept to me, and laid her weak hands upon me.

"What are you going to do, Amos?"

"I am going to act toward my wife and child as my father, Amos Beecroft, would have acted toward you and yours had you been slandered in his absence as my wife has been in mine. I will never put foot inside this cottage again until I find her; and when she is before you, and you are face to face, you shall ask her pardon for the wrong you have done her."

"I ask her pardon now!" sobbed my mother. "I have been weak and wrong—I see it! I ought to have done as you said. No, no, Amos; do not leave me without a word of pity and forgiveness! As I kneel to you I will kneel to her, my son!" Her tears choked her utterance.

"God forgive you for what you have done!" I answered, not looking at the prostrate form at my feet, "and send comfort to us both. I go away to-night a crushed and desolate man, and there will henceforth be no light in my life till I have found my wife and child!"

Thus in the blindness of my grief I spoke, throwing, in my unreason, all the blame upon my old mother; and as I stepped out into the cold and wintry night, her mournful cry, "Oh, Amos, my son! my son!" crept after me like a wailing wind. I knew that a ship was lying at Gravesend ready to sail for Australia, and for that I was bent. I trudged doggedly through the snow, halting but once, outside a house in which, notwithstanding the lateness of the night, merry-making was going on. What caused me to pause was a woman's voice singing the very song my wife had sung on our wedding night:

"Though friends be chiding,
And waves dividing,
In faith abiding,
  I'll still be true;
And I'll pray for thee,
On the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion,
  That's what I'll do."

The hot tears this reminiscence forced from me relieved me somewhat; but a gnawing pain was at my heart as I repeated the words, "In faith abiding, I'll still be true." The tone in which my mother had informed me that Mabel did not go away alone had haunted me from the moment the words were spoken, and I strove in vain to deaden the poisonous thoughts they engendered. The two themes, "In faith abiding, I'll still be true," and "Mr. Druce, your enemy, is with Mabel," came alternately to my mind, mocking each other and adding to my misery.

In two days I was again on the sea, on my way to Australia.

VIII.

NIGHT'S JOY AND AGONY.

STIRRING scenes are now before me—scenes which are woven in the history of my life, and which will lead me naturally to the end. But before they commence there is a blank, so far as concerns the proper business of my story.

A blank of six or seven years. I have lost count of time; and to this day, although I have been tenderly and playfully assisted by one who is very, very dear to me, I can not fix the exact number of years I was at the other end of the world. Being there, I had but one object before me, and in pursuance of it I traveled thousands of miles on foot. Wherever I heard of a woman and child who in any way resembled the description of those I was in search of, thither I directed my steps. This will not appear so strange to you who have not traveled in those regions, when I tell you that on the gold-diggings at that time there were fifty men to one woman; therefore, a woman could be more easily tracked than in a big city. Neither weather nor distance deterred me. I traveled through flood, and literally through fire; for I was in the Black Forest on that awful black Thursday when scores of miles of silver and iron bark trees were blazing fiercely. You may walk through the forest on this day, and follow the track of that terrible fire. Many a false track did I follow, only to be disappointed, after miles of weary wandering. Over and over again I was in Forest Creek, Tarrangower, Bendigo, and Ballarat. In the last place I was a witness of the terrible riots, and took part in them, being compelled to do so to save my life. I went to every new rush—to Maryborough, Dunolly, Avoca—but never found those I was in search of. One time I followed a woman and child for six months, losing them whenever I reached the place I was bound for, and following them on to the next, where I lost them again.

I could fill a volume with my adventures during this time; but the telling of them would not forward my story. I must here record a certain change of feeling which came over me at about the expiration of a couple of years. The desire to find my wife became weakened; the desire to find my child became more and more intense. Soon I thought almost entirely of my child, and I pictured him in my imagination growing up year after year, with fair hair and blue eyes, and with features resembling those of my father, Beecroft, Mariner. This change of feeling led to another impression as the years went by. I got it into my head that my wife might have died, but that my boy was certainly alive. Curiously enough, instead of becoming disheartened by my want of success, I never once lost the conviction that the day would come when I should hold him in my arms.

I had to work for my living, as you may guess, and I was generally fortunate in finding more gold than my necessities required. I was sober and steady; and I take some credit to myself that I was not wrecked, as hundreds of better men than I were, in sly grog-shops and public-houses. Drink was the ruin of many a fair life on the gold-diggings and in the cities; but there was no temptation in it for me, and I escaped. I did not escape another temptation. I *was* bitten by the gold fever, and I had my dreams of finding a big nugget of gold, and the day afterward of finding those I was in search of, and then all of us going home and living happily together. I dreamed that dream often, and always regretted the waking up. One thing I pushed resolutely from my mind, and *would* not think of—that was, what I should do if I met Mr. Druce. When it got into my head unawares, I brooded over it until I came to myself, when I thrust it from me in fear, for there was always a mist of blood in my eyes as his image came before me.

Having no money at one time, I was compelled to make a longer stay than I intended at a new gold-field, where I fell in with a mate after my own mind. We sunk a shaft, and got more gold than I had ever possessed; my share of a fortnight's work was two hundred and seventy ounces. I didn't like to keep so much gold about me, nor did my mate, so we gave it into the charge of a man named Richard Fairley, who had opened a deposit bank. My mate took the gold to him, and brought back the receipt. I never set eyes on the man. He didn't act fairly to us, for one fine morning he made himself scarce, and I and my mate, and a lot of others, had to whistle for our gold—and then it didn't come. We vowed Death to him if he ever crossed our path; and I got a description of him from my mate: a short thin scoundrel, with iron-gray hair on his face, hanging almost from his eyes—to hide his villainy, I suggested. However, we got more gold, and I saved over a hundred ounces, which I was not fool enough this time to part with.

Well, we had pretty nigh worked out this claim, when I had a dream—not of my wife and child; no, of my old mother. It seemed to me that she was dying before my eyes, and when I woke, and found, thank God! that I had been dreaming, the last sound I heard from her poor old lips, "Oh, Amos, my son! my son!" came to me with mournful significance. She had been a good mother to me, and I had but ill repaid her by leaving her in her old age with no provision (as I now remembered for the first time, God forgive me!), after these many years. I awoke in the dark, and I lay awake thinking until the sun rose; and in the darkness of that night I saw my duty clear before me. I resolved to go home, make the old woman comfortable (all my unjust and bitter feelings toward her had melted away), and then come back again, if necessary, and renew my search. You may say that I might have sent money home, and that that would have answered the purpose. So I might have done; but I thought that by going home I might perchance hear news of my wife and child. I had not written a line to my mother all these long years. Not that she could have read it, but she would have got a neighbor to read it for her; and it occurred to me all of a sudden that in my haste and hot-headedness I had neglected the chance that might have restored to my arms those who were so precious to me.

I astonished my mate in the morning when I told him I was going home. No inducement that he could offer was strong enough to hold me back, and that very day I was on my road to Melbourne, with my gold in a belt, buckled round my waist. When I reached Melbourne I was in no difficulty about a ship. Hobson's Bay was full of homeward-bound craft, and after running my eye over the names, I selected *The Rising Sun*, a twelve-hundred-ton clipper, then lying off Sandridge, and to sail in a few days. How often have I thought that a special destiny must have led me to select that ship out of the large number that were advertised for London! I don't believe, as some believe, that our lives are ruled by chance.

The Rising Sun was a passenger-ship, and was to take home, besides passengers, a cargo of wool, hides, and gold. I thought I might as well save passage money; I had no mind to set up as a fine gentleman, and if I had shipped as a saloon passenger, as I might have done, having a few hundred pounds by me, I should not have been able to keep my hands off the ropes. Knowing that homeward-bound sailors were hard to get, I went to the shipping office, and glad enough they were to obtain an able-bodied seaman like me among the crew. They took any cattle in those days, men were so loath to leave the gold-fields. So there I was once more at my old trade. I was soon at work, and set to with a will, and with a lighter heart than had beat in my body for many a long day past; though, mind you, I was not the man I had been before the great grief of my life had broken upon me. But I was glad to think that in a few months I should see my old mother again, and that it might be in my power to bring comfort to her bruised spirit; for the more I thought of my last interview with her, the firmer grew the conviction that I had deeply wronged and wounded her. Not that I ever believed for one moment that my wife was false to me. No, no; I clung to that anchor of faith in her love and truth. It kept me from stranding on the rock of utter disbelief in human goodness.

At the appointed time we sailed out of Port Philip Bay, with a fair wind. Nearly all the passengers came aboard the last day, and I saw but little of them, having enough else to do. We had aboard a hundred and sixteen souls, all told, made up in the following manner: Passengers, sixty-one men, eleven women, eighteen children; crew, twenty-six.

For the first two or three days all went well, but trouble was marching upon us. We got into light easterly winds; about that time, also, the weather got slightly foggy. Scarcely any of the passengers were about as yet: the majority of them were below with seasickness, and not one of the women had put in an appearance on deck. The fog beginning to increase, and continuing to do so, a sharp look-out for land was kept. We had been out now ten days, and I observed that the skipper was getting anxious. Neither was I easy in my mind. We were in the vicinity of dangerous rocks, not laid down as yet in the charts; and the fog, growing thicker and thicker, made our position more perilous. For myself, I had no fear of death, but a heavy weight was on my mind with respect to my old mother at home; and the desire to see her once more, and make amends to her for my harshness, grew stronger because of the danger we were in.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of two of our passengers: they were children, a boy and a girl. I was standing near the look-out, straining my eyes to the eastward, where we supposed the rocks to be, when, looking down, I saw these children by my side. They were about the same age—nine years old, maybe. I placed my hand on the boy's head, and, stooping, gazed at the little fellow. He returned my look frankly.

"Well, my man," said I, "and what may your name be?"

"Bob," said he.

His voice startled me, and I gazed more searchingly at him. A beautiful face was his, with fair curling hair and bright blue eyes, that made mine dim, and caused my heart to beat more quickly. All the old memories flowed back upon me, like a strong tide; and but that I felt such a supposition would be akin to madness, I might have encouraged the thought that by some miracle my own son was standing by my side.

"And yours, my little maid?" I said to the girl.

"Pearl," she answered, in a voice clear as a bell, and which to my fancy resembled Bob's.

"Then," said I, with a strange palpitation, "Bob and Pearl are brother and sister?"

"Oh no," they both replied, in one breath.

"But you ought to be," said I, kneeling by them, so that my face might be on a level with theirs. "Bob has blue eyes, and so has Pearl; and you have light hair, too, both of you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRIDE OF THE CORBYNS.

I.—THE LAST OF THE CORBYNS.

Death stood knocking at Archibald Corbyn's door—not at the door of Corbyn Hall, but at the door of the Corbyn heart; and when that had ceased to beat, one of the oldest, wealthiest, proudest, and most aristocratic families in Barbadoes would be extinct.

Dr. Hawley and Matthias Walcot, Archibald Corbyn's old friend and shipping agent, stood by his bedside, and Dinah, his old negro nurse, readjusted his disordered pillow or wiped the heavy dew from his clammy forehead with gentle, sympathetic hands, and watched his wasted fingers pick the counterpane, with sad forebodings.

With quick intelligence she caught the meaning of a glance from the doctor to Mr. Walcot, and escaping from the chamber by the open window, with her big black hands before her face, she leaned over the edge of the balcony to sob out of sight and hearing.

Yet her own ears were alert for any sound from the sick-room, and presently the faint voice of her dying master attracted her attention. True to negro instinct, curiosity arrested grief. She crept nearer to the open window.

He was saying, in feeble gasps: "Will in my desk—I've left you—sole executor, Matthias. I know I can trust you. Use my slaves well, and —no whipping, Matt."

There was a pause. The doctor administered a stimulant; Archibald evidently revived.

"And, Matthias—I—charge you—leave no stone unturned—find a Corbyn to inherit—Charlie's dead body never found—may be, after all—I—not—last of the Corbyns. Mausoleum close forever—Corbyns extinct—pure race—"

The voice was lost in indistinct murmurs. There was silence.

"He's gone!" whispered Mr. Walcot; "hush!"

The doctor placed a finger on his lips, and with the other hand checked Dinah's impulsive return to the room.

"Matthias—England—advertise—I have—last Corb—"

There was a small grating in the thick door of the family mausoleum, which was reached by a descent of several steps. This entrance, which fronted a by-road, was bricked up. The mausoleum itself was a solid stone structure, with little or no attempt at ornament; externally about fourteen yards square, with a domed roof rising not more than four feet above the level of the road, the ground on all four sides sloping downward toward the building. It was consequently in a deep hollow, and was further sheltered from winds by the hills which rose steeply above the road on the other side, and by a wood of manchineel and sandbox trees.

It was mid-day. The ripe pendulous pods of the thorny sandbox-tree burst one after another, scattering their seed rings to earth with sharp reports, as if a platoon of distant musketry proclaimed the fall of each. But another ripe seed was ready to be "sown in corruption," and a louder report proclaimed that.

It was the invariable gun fired through the unbricked grating, to dissipate noxious gases generated within, lest the opening of the vault for the dead should let out pestilence on the living.

Corbyn Hall had got a new master. The will which made Matthias Walcot sole executor made him virtually proprietor.

All that stood between him and absolute ownership was the very improbable chance that Archibald's younger brother, Charles, had escaped when the *Mermaid*, in which he had sailed from Bristol seven years before, foundered off the Irish coast, and not a soul was known to be saved. There was also the remote possibility of his having left a legitimate heir on dry land; but as no echo of wedding bells had ever wafted to the brother in Barbadoes, this was as improbable.

The brothers had parted in anger, and Archibald had never been his own man after the *Mermaid* went down. He was only forty-eight when he died, and his will was full of mournful regret. Matthias was enjoined to spare no cost, neglect no means, to find a rightful heir; but if within ten years no claimant could be discovered, then, and not till then, Matthias Walcot and his heirs were to possess the Corbyn estate with all its living brood in perpetuity.

Matthias Walcot passed as an honorable man among men; and he would have resented the charge of dishonesty. But the temptation was great, and *he* was *not*.

Prompt to take possession, he was not prompt in measures which *might* eventually oust himself and his. He made languid official inquiries at first, sent occasional advertisements to an English newspaper, and persuaded himself that he had been very active.

II.—THE WALCOTS AT HOME.

I said Corbyn Hall had a new master; I should have said a mistress and three masters, a younger lady being thrown in. There was Mrs. Walcot, dominant, of large dimensions and lofty pretensions; there was Miss Walcot, slight, languid, listless, and intensely fashionable; and there were two sons, William and Stephen.

What a revolution their advent created in that hospitable, free-and-easy bachelor household! The will interdicted unnecessary change until heirship was determined. But Mrs. Walcot was disposed to read its provisions liberally. She did not sell or destroy plain or old-fashioned fittings; they were simply huddled into a lumber-room out of her way, and replaced with the very brightest and newest importations from Europe, before even the dogs and horses had well learned to recognize the new mastership.

Matthias himself forgot he was only executor. He turned his shipping agency and his stifling office on the wharf over to his tall sons, and settled down comfortably at Corbyn Hall as proprietor and planter. But Mrs. Walcot was fond of society, and was not content to dwell forever ten miles from town and two or three from their nearest neighbors; so their old house at the Folly was retained, ostensibly for the convenience of William and Stephen, and the lady rejoiced in a town-house and a country-house, and became a very grand personage indeed.

Dinah—or Aunt Dinah, as she was called—who had nursed the infant, sick, and dying Corbyns for two generations, and ruled supreme in Archibald's time, had been deposed, and the poor old thing fretted much.

Old Cuffy—still the nominal head gardener—she made the depositary of her knowledge, and the pair held frequent and solemn conference. From these twain, no doubt, the first faint murmurings against Walcot rule went out like a breath, as soft and unsuspected. And now Aunt Dinah was troubled with ominous dreams, and Cuffy grew portentously prophetic.

Meanwhile Mrs. Walcot, blessedly obtuse, prepared to give a grand ball before the rainy season should set in, with one match-making eye for Laura and another for William, who had set both his on a lovely orphan heiress, then the ward of the Rev. John Fulton.

Vainly Matthias, with due regard to appearances, urged that it was "too soon." Madam was willful, and issued her invitations to the cream of Barbadian society, with a select few of her former Bridgetown friends, whom she hoped to overpower with her grandeur.

Mourning was all but discarded: a gauzy black scarf for herself, a black sash for Miss Walcot, were all that memory could spare for the late master of the mansion whose family diamonds they wore. The colored attendants were arrayed in the gayest of tints: brilliant turbans, kerchiefs, and petticoats, flashing striped trowsers and light jackets, fluttered every where, like swarms of black-bodied butterflies, to which every guest-bringing phaeton added its quota, either in driver or lackey.

Song and dance and rippling laughter, flushing cheeks and fluttering fans! A shrill scream, like that of the Shunammite's son—"My head! my head!"—and with one hand spasmodically raised to her brow, Laura Walcot fell back into the arms of her partner in the quadrille, speechless and gasping!

In vain ladies proffered scent bottles and vinaigrettes, and gentlemen, darting through the open casements, brought back clusters of soft sandbox leaves to bind on her throbbing forehead as antidotes to pain. The dark green but served to show how deathly was her pallor; and Dr. Hawley, brushing in through the crowd from the card-room, could do little more than shake his head gravely, and say, "No use, no use. Too much excitement."

Mrs. Walcot shrieked in hysterics; Matthias sat with bowed head like one stupefied; the haughty brows of William and Stephen lowered in presence of the grim intruder—Death.

As the white coffin of the maiden was carried into the house, Cuffy, standing under the piazza, heard William Walcot give Dan instructions for the opening of the Corbyn mausoleum.

Uplifting his head and his bony hands in superstitious horror, he clasped them as they dropped before him, and ejacuated, "Dere! berry young Missy Walcot in Corbyn grabe! Nebber! Old massa's flesh creep in him shroud if dat blue-nailed missy laid inside dere!"

The tall old man, venerable with the grayness of his hundred years, drew a long breath, then stalked unbidden into the presence of Matthias and Dr. Hawley, and stood before them erect, with fiery eyes, much as Elijah must have stood before usurping Ahab.

"Massa Walcot better not berry him dead with the Corbyn dead. Sure's you live, Massa Arch'bald nebber 'low it!"

"Not allow it, Cuffy! What do you mean?" said Mr. Walcot, testily, looking up, amazed and annoyed.

"Massa Corbyn leave him Hall, leave him plantation, leave him money to him friend; but him keep de Corbyn maus'lum for de Corbyn *only*. If"—and undaunted Cuffy laid special emphasis on the "if"—"if no heir, an' Massa Arch'bald *be* last ob de Corbyns, den dat maus'lum be closed till Judgment-day!"

"Cuffy, you presume on your gray hairs. I shall lay my poor child where I think fit. I do not suffer my slaves to dictate to me. Your mind is wandering. Quit the room; this is no season for intrusion."

But though the Walcots laid their daughter's corpse in the Corbyn mausoleum, in spite of premonition, for some innate reason they did not place it in any one of the unfilled niches; it was left on the floor in the centre of the sepulchre.

And then the Corbyn vault closed for the first time on one of another name and another caste.

III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE MAUSOLEUM.

It is not customary for Barbadians to court the heavy noxious dews and the blood-thirsty mosquitoes by being abroad after night-fall; but the unwonted events of ball and burial on two consecutive days had brought to that lonely plantation a concourse of people, some of whom were detained by the claims of friendship, others of business, to a late hour.

It was close upon midnight when Dr. Hawley and another friend shook hands with Mr. Walcot under the portico of the Corbyn mansion; and stepping into his light cane phaeton, he bade his black Jehu "Tear away home."

As they neared the point where the road branched off to the sea-coast, passing the mausoleum on its way through Corbyn Hall Wood, a shrill scream was borne up the by-road on the clear midnight air.

The pony stopped involuntarily, quivering in every limb.

"Golla, massa! what am dat?" cried Sambo, in a fright.

Before Dr. Hawley or his friend could reply, a second scream, louder and more piercing, smote upon the ear, and was followed by a succession of unearthly yells.

"Quick, Sambo! Turn to the left. There is some foul play going on down this road. Quick! or we may be too late to prevent a tragedy."

But Sambo's white teeth chattered all the more because the pony obstinately refused to obey the rein—willing to bolt down the road home, but determined not to turn to the left for either man or master. As he snorted, reared, and plunged, threatening the slight vehicle with destruction, and the shrieks still continued, the doctor and his companion leaped out, and ran at full speed down the road, athwart which sparsely set palmetto or cocoa-nut trees cast spectral shadows.

A faint sea-breeze met them, laden with the mingled perfumes of fruit and flower, but with it came more hideously the strange discordant noise. Then two or three wild dogs darted past them, howling as they ran. Then, with garments flying loose and eyeballs glaring, a negro woman, blind with terror, ran against the doctor. A man, little less excited, was close at her heels.

"Hallo! what is the meaning of this outcry?" demanded the doctor, grasping the man by the arm, under the impression the negress was escaping from ill usage.

The man—who proved to be the undertaker's foreman—could only gasp, between his chattering teeth,

"Oh, doctor, dre'ful down dere! Dead mans fight."

"Pish!" "Rubbish!" from the doctor and his friend; and they rushed on, drawing reluctant Cicero back with them.

But they too stood aghast as they approached the mausoleum. The noise—a demoniac compound of blows, groans, shrieks, and howls—evidently *issued from the bricked-up sepulchre!*

It seemed, indeed, as though a desperate combat raged within the closed-up tomb; and the blood of the spectators curdled as they listened.

They were not the only auditors. A neighboring planter and a sturdy sea-captain on their way inland had been arrested on their journey likewise, and seemed rooted to the spot with a mysterious dread.

"I have seen the ocean in its fury, heard the winds break loose, and the artillery of heaven rattle, but never did I hear any thing so terrific as this. It makes my very flesh creep," said the captain, addressing Dr. Hawley. "Can you, Sir, offer any solution of this mystery?"

What Dr. Hawley might have said was interrupted by a final burst of triumphant yells, followed by a peal of still more discordant laughter, which died away in feeble cachinnations, till silence scarcely less awful fell on all around. The unaccountable noises having ceased entirely, the party drawn together so singularly moved away in a body.

As a natural sequence, conversation turned on the place they had just quitted, Archibald Corbyn's funeral, and that of Laura Walcot; and so much was Captain Hudson interested that, when they shook hands and separated at the fork of the roads, he had promised to call on Dr. Hawley at his house near Kissing Bridge before sailing for England.

Seven persons (including Sambo) went their several ways surcharged with the story of a horrible mystery.

What wonder that the succeeding midnight brought a crowd to the spot, to test, verify, or ridicule, as might be? Notwithstanding the previous shock to his nerves, Dr. Hawley made one. With him was Stephen Walcot, much concerned by this commotion over his sister's grave; and on the extreme verge of the assembly they saw a group of old Corbyn servants huddled together like a flock of timid sheep, with Cuffy and Aunt Dinah at their head.

The doctor had lost no time in making Mr. Walcot acquainted with his nocturnal experience. Matthias only curled his lip, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Were I you, doctor, I would not repeat this nonsense. Your patients will not care to consult a medico who takes too much wine." He had spoken to the sons. William laughed outright. Steve, subdued by his sister's loss, gave their informant a more respectful hearing, and, in spite of his brother's banter, volunteered to watch the tomb that night with the doctor, little surmising how many would share that watch.

Twelve by Dr. Hawley's repeater! The silent, expectant crowd shrank back with affright as, without one moment's premonition, the air was rent with a volley of shrieks and yells, which wakened the echoes of the hills, and a chorus from owls and monkeys drove the raccoon from his bed, the pigeons from their nests, and sent batwings from the shadows to flutter in the moonlight.

For one whole hour the noises were unceasing. If superstition drew the crowd together, fear dispersed it. Only the most daring of the auditors remained, and among these were Cuffy and Dinah, who stood apart with hands upraised, as if invoking unseen protection.

For five nights the supernatural warfare continued. Then it ceased. The excitement gradually died out, business resumed its sway, the Walcots were condoled with, and the dead reposed in peace.

IV.—OBEAH!

A fortnight later Dr. Hawley rode out to the Hall. It was purely a friendly visit, so he said; but ere he went away he asked his host how he was progressing in his search for a legitimate heir, adding that a friend of his, a Captain Hudson, of the bark *Adelaide*, would readily undertake any commission in furtherance of that end in the mother country.

Mrs. Walcot bridled up, and Matthias, reddening, answered, stiffly, "Thank you, doctor; but I can manage my own business without the intervention of strangers. I need no reminder of my duty. A sea-captain is scarcely the person to institute inquiries of this nature."

"Perhaps not," assented the doctor, dryly, with a peculiar smile, as he took his departure, much like one who has but done half his errand.

Had their voices wafted to Cuffy through the open casement that he should quit the jasmine he was pruning by the portico to hurry to the avenue? Whether or not, he stopped the pony under the shadow of the large trees, and whispered earnestly and mysteriously:

"Dr. Hawley, you good man; you lub ole massa. Him spirit angry; all de Corbyn spirits angry. Last night Dinah dream—dream of Massa Charlie. He wet an' white upon de steps; he ask to come in, an' Massa Walcot shut de door—an' Death come in instead! Doctor, dere be nudder Corbyn *somewhere*, an' Massa Walcot no try to find him; an' spirits *berry* angry. Cuffy work Obeah charm to-night to keep de evil doom from de black boys an' girls dat lub ole Massa Corbyn!"

"I would advise you to have nothing to do with Obeah, Cuffy. It may breed ill feeling and do mischief," said the doctor, as Cuffy loosened his hold of the reins, and Sambo cracked his whip.

In Corbyn Hall Wood, remote from the Hall itself, close by a mountain streamlet which ran down to join the river, was a bubbling boiling spring. The spot was lonely and sequestered, shadowed by the palmetto and the manchineel. Gourds and squashes trailed along the ground and hid the iguana, the green lizard, and the spotted toad. No pine-apple or banana grew beside it; no sea-side grape spread its branches low to the ground, hanging thick and ruddy clusters under every branch, glossy with leaves of green; but all that was dark or rank grew there.

It was a dismal spot. Yet hither dusky forms came stealthily in the middle of the night to watch and share with Cuffy in the dread rites of Obeah incantation. To his fellows he was known as a Mandingo priest, and the hold he had on their superstitious souls was strong and terrible. His hut was near at hand, and in this weird corner of the plantation had he been wont to concoct healing balms, philtres, and the yet more potent Obeah, whose spell, wrought in secret, was supposed to work in secret, and set human skill and precaution at defiance.

Dinah was there—a fitting priestess of these mysteries—and Dan and Scipio, and Chloe and Cassy, with others whose names are unrecorded.

There was a fissure in the ground close to the boiling spring. To this Cuffy applied a light, and instantly a jet of flame shot up, and the poor dupes bowed down to the fire spirit. From a hollow tree was produced an iron pot. H[illegible] filling this from the boiling spring, it was suspended on a triangle of sticks over the natural naphtha flame, and the weird rites began.

There was a low monotonous chant in a strange tongue, a dance around the seething pot, which in the lurid light was half demoniac; and Cuffy, swaying to and fro, muttered words unknown even to his confederates, as one by one he threw into the pot snake-wood from the trumpet-tree, sap from the deadly manchineel, a snake cucumber, the poisonous sandbox leaves and rings, a living lizard and a toad, a turtle's egg, the root of the cat's-blood plant, a bat, a young owlet, a dead man's hair, pernicious scum from Long Pond, and other venomous ingredients with and without a name.

The charm wrought out, the mixture poured into a calabash bottle and closely stopped, the refuse buried in the ground, the pot restored to the hollow tree, the magic flame extinguished with wet sand, Cuffy dismissed his impish brood to their huts, and bore away his revolting decoction, to be buried the ensuing night under the threshold of the Hall. The doom hanging over Corbyn would then fall upon the fated mortal who should step across it first; and thus, Obeah satisfied, his followers would be protected.

Mr. William Walcot was the first to leave the house; but months went by, and still he came and went healthily and haughtily, in spite of Obeah; and he was more frequently at the Hall than either his father or Stephen liked, the Folly being his home proper. The father considered that Will interfered too much on the plantation, to the neglect and detriment of his shipping agency; while Steve, aware of the comparative proximity of the Hall to the parsonage, regarded him as a dangerous rival.

The fact was that the elder of the twain had determined most fraternally to "cut his brother out" of the favor of Miss Wolferstone, if the clergyman's rich and lovely ward had any leaning in that direction, and altogether comported himself as if he were his father's natural and certain successor on the estate.

But Mrs. Walcot sickened: an inexplicable disease, which caused her lower limbs to swell painfully, marred her enjoyment, and made her splendid mansion little better than a prison, although stately Augusta Wolferstone and lively Mary Fulton came like sunbeams now and again to brighten it up. Then Matthias grew aguish